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SPECIAL DAY PROGRAMS



MICHIGAN

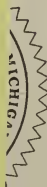
SPECIAL DAY PROGRAMS

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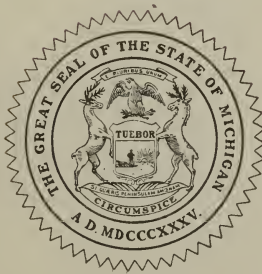


Public Instruction

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ROGRAMS

MICHIGAN



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1915

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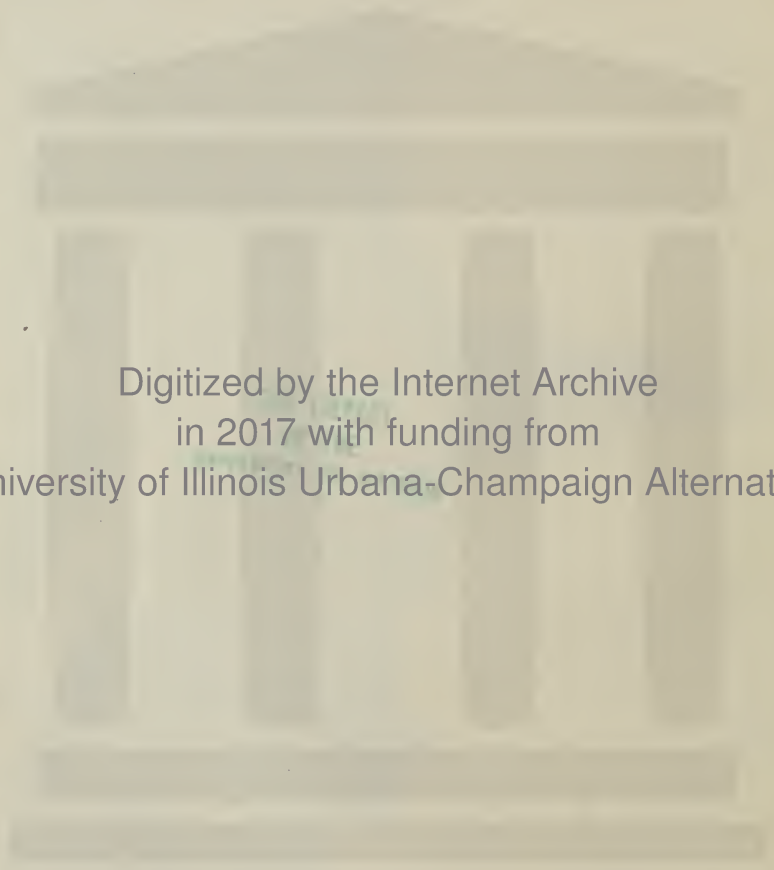
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STATE OF MICHIGAN

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Lansing, January 2, 1915.

To the Teachers of Michigan:

The observance of special days is a legitimate part of school work. Certain days are designated by law to be observed, and aside from those named, each year presents anniversaries of which some note should be taken.

Training along certain lines can be given in no more effective way than through the study of the lives of great men or of some great national event. No greater opportunity is offered for the instilling of patriotic sentiments and in the forming of character.

The observance of special days should not have a disorganizing effect. It should always have a distinct educational and practical value. There is danger of allowing this special work to interfere with the regular school work. Too many sessions should not be given up to formal exercises. The regular work should correlate with the special thought, the day or the season being made the basis for class work.

I offer you this book in the hope that it will be of assistance to you.

Acknowledgment is made for the use of selections printed in this publication; also for contributions to Professor M. A. Cobb of the Central Michigan Normal School; to Mrs. Cornelia S. Hulst, ex-president of the Michigan State Teachers' Association; to Mrs. Abbie Munger, president of the Michigan Audubon Society; to Professor W. B. Barrows of the Michigan Agricultural College; and for the use of plates to the Northern State Normal School, to the Central Michigan Normal School, to the Educational Publishing Company, to George P. Brown & Company. The cover was designed by Miss Minnie Carter, student of the Central Michigan Normal School, for which acknowledgment is made.

Very truly yours,

Fred L. Keeler

OBSERVANCE OF HOLIDAYS

An Act designating the days to be observed as holidays in the public schools of this state.

[Act 11, P. A. 1911.]

The People of the State of Michigan enact:

The following days, namely, the first day of January, commonly called New Year's day, the thirtieth day of May, commonly called Memorial day, the fourth day of July, the first Monday of September, commonly called Labor day, and the twenty-fifth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, all Saturdays and all days appointed or recommended by the governor of this state or the president of the United States as days of fasting and prayer or thanksgiving shall, in all the public schools of this state, be treated and considered as public holidays and on such above specified days there shall be no school sessions in any of such public schools of this state: Provided, That the salary of school officers and teachers shall be in no way affected by reason of the dismissal of school, on any of the above mentioned days: Provided further, That on the following days, namely, the twelfth day of February, commonly called Lincoln's birthday, the twenty-second day of February, commonly called Washington's birthday, and the twelfth day of October, commonly called Columbus day, it shall be the duty of all school officers and teachers to have the schools under their respective charge, observe such mentioned days, namely, the twelfth day of February, the twenty-second day of February, and the twelfth day of October by proper and appropriate commemorative exercises, and such days shall not be considered as legal holidays for schools.

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COMMUNITY PLANTING FESTIVALS

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT MICHIGAN STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, 1914.

—MRS. HENRY HULST.

"Get wisdom, but with all thy getting get understanding," says the proverb, and when I was a schoolgirl eager and reverent for wisdom, I cut that text from my Sunday School paper and stuck it into my desk at school where my eyes might fall upon it every day. My exegesis may have been at fault, but the general purport was enough: that one might acquire *wisdom* and remain in some important respect very foolish—that he might miss *understanding* to his shame. Now that I have experience in teaching, the text seems to me to convey high educational wisdom, and heart to heart I confess that it is my educational creed: *Get wisdom, and learning*, but with all of thy getting, get something else that has possibly greater worth.

Of course our prime business as teachers is to pass on to the coming generation the wisdom of prophets, seers, and those who are gifted in all manner of learning, and we can proceed to impart the wisdom from books to the children if conditions are favorable to it. But if children come to school with faces unwashed and garments in tatters, should a teacher proceed to books, or to the need of tolerable neatness and beauty, even if she has to wash the faces and teach the use of the needle? If the school is a barren and unlovely spot, should she proceed only to books and learning, or to create a sentiment to make that school a place that by neatness and beauty inspires cheer and happy activity in both teachers and pupils, wins the confidence and respect,—nay, the love and gratitude of patrons, and refines and attracts the whole community?

In all seriousness, I believe that we are making our greatest pedagogical error not from a low sense of duty, or even from a lack of knowledge and skill, but from a failure to realize that beauty of surroundings and a spirit of joy in work are the best means in a school, as in a home or other social institution, of producing excellent results. We send young teachers out from the Normal Schools with a sense of heavy responsibility, and we exhort each other to look at the shortcomings of our product and correct them by earnest effort, but we do not enough realize that beauty and a spirit of joy make hard things easy for the one who learns, and that that spirit in the school will win hearty helpers in the community. By enlisting the community, improvements that now look impossible can be brought to pass for the school—wonders can be wrought. And wonders need to be wrought to transform the little bare structures, often the least attractive edifice in the neighborhood, into a thing of beauty, and the little bare, or weed-grown yard and the roads leading to it into a spacious laboratory for nature study and the playground and park for the district.

It is with the conviction that this ideal can, and should be realized

that I speak for the beautiful school yard and open road, and propose as a means for its realization a Community Planting Festival in the spring and the fall as a regular part of the school work. Some of our cities have taken up the work on parks and school gardens, as the programs of this association show, and many rural schools and schools in our smaller towns are ready to do so, as was shown by the surprising response to the Arbor Day appeal of our special committee last spring. Of three district schoolhouses that we passed in Ottawa County a few weeks ago, two had planted trees last spring, and all of the trees were alive. More than two million trees were planted from nurseries of the Agricultural College and the State; and the Mount Pleasant Normal had many more requests for walnut seedlings than it could supply. The total is swelled by a great number of trees from private nurseries and the forests. It is my hope that this association will continue to use its great power in the coming years to inspire and guide this movement.

The large success of our work is to be credited to the progressive spirit that has emanated from our Department of Public Instruction, which is trying to raise the standard of our schools, to the personal influence of commissioners and the willingness of teachers, but also largely to members of progressive clubs and associations, and other public-minded citizens who united their efforts with ours. Our higher institutions of learning did much to direct the movement and the Agricultural College, through its relations with Farmers' Clubs, Boys' Clubs, Institutes, and the Round-up, did a large and very practical part of the work. A campaign of education should be kept up with the assistance of all of these agencies, and extended by co-operation in each community. Michigan schools started in the early days with the highest ideals, but many, even in the old and rich sections of the state, are now still largely of the pioneer type. By what methods can we assist the constituted authorities to raise their ideals and help them improve their lot?

The distribution of another Arbor Day circular of suggestions, headed by a picture of an attractive modern building surrounded by a large playground, with beds of garden flowers at the foundation, with a fringe of shrubs and trees at the outer border of the lot, and with vines shading the porches and screening the trellises would be educational, and would do much to inspire backward schools. Could we find a school in the state that would be a perfect model in all of these respects, to furnish that picture? In a few years some will do so.

Even now the desire is rising. A few months ago I received a letter from the director of a new little country school in a new community, where people are in debt for their building and find it hard to pay their taxes, asking if there was any place where they could apply for bulbs and flowers and shrubs for a garden. If they had to pay for them they would have to wait a long while. The Garden Club of Grand Rapids did itself the pleasure and honor of contributing bulbs and roots, the overflow from private gardens of members, in answer to this appeal, and shrubs and trees for the border of the yard will be supplied from the forests of the neighborhood—elder, sassafras, dogwood, wild rose, sumac, wild plum, wild cherry, wild crab, thornapple—on the principle that appreciation of the native growths will thus be taught, which many people do not recognize as beautiful until they see them in parks or gardens.

The planting of the garden will be of the greatest value to the com-

munity if everybody takes an interest and part in it as a neighborhood affair, with the women of the district contributing from their own gardens whatever will supplement the supply at the school,—honeysuckle, syringa, lilies, lilacs, what they will. A school with such a garden, the center of such a community, is likely to become a favorite gathering place for social and intellectual life, bringing people together for the benefit of all, for the greatest benefit of the children. From crocuses to dahlias, the flowers will make that yard from April to November a positive force for beauty and refinement that it cannot hope to be without them. Not only will the patrons be quickened to a new interest in their school, but the teachers and pupils will grow through it to be warmer friends. When strangers on the highway drive past it they will look on it with tenderness and feel an impulse to lend it a helping or protecting hand; when the boys from the school go forth into the world, they will look back to it with love, and not so many will try to leave that district because life there was without charm; when the girls start homes of their own, they will model home gardens after the garden at school, and perhaps cherish in them flowers that overflowed from the parent plot. That garden may become a source of supply to many, and the whole countryside echo its bloom. There the community will learn new kinds of plants and the care that they require. Beauty radiates from a garden plot, and generous instincts and warm sympathies can be fostered there. When the goodly box of supplies from the Garden Club reached the new school that had appealed for it, a letter of acceptance from the Director offered to divide the riches with any school in need that should appeal as his own had done. Could one find a better case in point?

And there is educational value in the garden work. One of the pleasantest sights that I have seen this summer was the children of Gary, Indiana, working in their beautiful school garden toward the close of a hot afternoon in July. The spot was rich in bloom, and the children doubtless had their reward in doing their work and in the interest of the community and manifest pleasure of the passing strangers. Who shall say that educationally the observation, the activity, the perseverance, and the concentration practiced in that garden are of less value than that required by other study? Or that the knowledge acquired is of less worth in life? Or that the child interested and active in the garden will not reap more from his books when he returns to them because of his more active and cheerful spirit? Has he not gained a knowledge and a power that will be permanent possessions and assets? Perhaps we need not argue the value of gardening, but proceed to consider how to introduce the improvement of grounds and highways into our schools.

The teacher need not do all of the work of organizing the social activities of the school, (of which this is one), but with the help of the Director she can find who are able organizers in the district and honor them by an invitation to serve on a committee that will work for the school and for neighborhood betterment for Clean-Up-Day, for Arbor Day, for a Garden, for Playground Extension and Equipment, for a Festival. Such a committee should spread the new ideas, enlist the support of the progressive Clubs and Societies of the neighborhood—Grangers, Gleaners, Horticultural Societies, Women's Clubs, Boys' Clubs, or any other that happen to be there. It is the expressed purpose of these organizations

to be a benefit to their localities, and they need only an invitation to grow active in their support of any movement that promises results. Many of them are searching for something to do. A Clean-Up-Day in the spring, a week before Arbor Day, will open the eyes of the neighborhood to both beautiful and unsightly spots, and when Arbor Day comes, a great deal of home planting will probably result as well as some on the public grounds and the highways. As years go by, a habit will be established of both seeing and doing.

Glimpses of the unusual and varied beauty that has always made Michigan famous and that is developing it into the favorite resort state of this region, can still be caught in drives about this state—virgin forests of pine and hardwood, swamps glorious with growth and color, white sand dunes, the great and inland lakes, ledges of rock, and Pictured Rocks—Michigan is verily, as our song names her, *The Goddess of the Inland Seas*. Few neighborhoods are even now without some spot that has its primitive beauty, and it should be possible when our eyes are open to the need of it to preserve as parks the best of what we have in each neighborhood and to restore the native beauty in the chosen spots, especially along the highways, which should be virtually parks, where the beauty of vineyards, orchards and cultivated fields, with wheat, corn, barley, and alfalfa, will be varied with a purely natural beauty of wild flowers, shrubs, and trees. Infinite variety is nature's own rule, as well as the rule adopted by the newest and best of our landscape artists and architects.

Expert advice is being given for the planting of the roadside. The choice varieties of native shrubs for the school yard are fit also for the open road. Under our present law for the cutting of brush, the most beautiful of our shrubs have been destroyed along with those which are a nuisance. I have heard of a man who cut hundreds of feet of sassafras that was a glory of the district. We hope that when the difference is made clear our favorites will greet us again by the wayside, especially at the grades, those scars to our hills and hollows, as the roadmakers leave them. If the grades are planted with wild flowers and shrubs, where no foot will molest them, Nature can train them in her own luxuriant way. There harebells and columbines, and others of our shy varieties will grow if they have a chance—I know places where they do. Let each district school make a list of the most desirable wild flowers and shrubs of the district, and collect seeds and roots for the planting. There is no better method to begin botany in a live way, centering the attention not only on the varieties, but also on their beauty and the useful and aesthetic purposes to be served. Let them learn at the same time and in the same effective way to "Plant, not pick" the flowers along the public ways, and our roadsides will become public gardens, a perfect joy to travel because of the beautiful growth that they show.

Each school yard and highway should have all of the desirable trees, flowers and shrubs. A Neighborhood Committee, or Council might well take the question in hand. Does the district have a thicket of locust? Of poplar? Of scrub oak? They are all lovely, and no neighborhood should be without them. At the grades they will send out their roots and keep the soil from shifting. Where should the pines and the larches be planted? Where the sycamore? Where the tulip tree? These are rare and beautiful trees—too rare! If the Commissioners of the High-

ways are invited to advise and assist they may prove very effective helpers, for the law permits them to spend a good proportion of the money at their disposal for roadside planting, and our State Commissioner of Highways is advising their attention to this matter. One danger should be kept in mind in roadside planting—the danger of improving monotonously. Variety, it should not be forgotten, is a saving grace. We are in danger of being mapled to boredom.

To one who is watching for a chance to vary the effect of the landscape, our brook bottoms and lake shores will offer opportunities. Here we can have water gardens. Next to the bridge or the culvert we can permit the stream to spread out a little, and at its margin and in the marshy stretch we can secure a luscious growth—willows, button bushes, cat tails, wild rice, knot grass, arrow heads, flag lilies, water lilies, cardinal flowers, gentians, even pitcher plants and moccasin flowers. How many of this generation of boys and girls have never seen a gentian or an orchid? It is years since I have seen one growing, and one can travel a hundred miles on our best roads and not see a single cardinal flower in season. Would it not be an act to merit public gratitude if some one should introduce these rare and lovely things again into our landscape?

The first thing that we should do is to educate the children and the community to work for beauty. It should be the happy work of the children, aided by the Community, on two joyous Festival Days of the Spring and Fall, to devote time and effort to some public planting of their grounds and roadsides. The planting of their small school yard will be a good beginning, but it is to be hoped that not many years hence the boundaries of the yard will extend until the lot is large—five acres—ten acres—forty. In the Government Bulletins I read of schools in New Jersey and Colorado that are starting with seven acres, and our own new Township School at Houghton has forty. Our National Commissioner of Education is urging the large yard and the farm school.

Is this too much? I own that when I first heard Professor Roth, the enthusiastic Forester of our University, maintain that school lots should be not less than ten acres, I thought him extreme, but when I hear all that a ten acre lot can do for education of the school and the community, it seems moderate, and most wise, and only strange that it has taken so long to arrive at that wisdom. The world seems to have waited until the 20th century for it to be held up as an ideal—perhaps it will not wait another century before the ideal is being widely realized, for progress is rapid in these days. A ten acre lot, equipped with all of the trees, flowers and shrubs of the locality, including stock to be used in teaching fruit culture, would make a first class laboratory for the study of the ways of Nature, and would "pay for its keep" many times over in a few years by the higher efficiency of the people of the neighborhood as farmers. I am told that it would pay well as a wood lot, covering fuel expenses and even giving some revenue, while a forty-acre wood lot would pretty nearly endow the school and set the community free from school taxes, aside from its value for teaching purposes. What valuation should be put upon it as a thing of beauty in the neighborhood, a park, where people could gather for picnics, and public gatherings that can be held out of doors? Should cities have all of the parks? Some cities now have more of natural beauty than the open country.

It is enough to say that the ideal school of the future will be a building that will not "just do," but a dignified public edifice, an index to the wealth of the community, where her little children are taught high ideals of neatness, beauty and efficiency, as well as the learning from books, and where the community will meet to consider social betterment and to enjoy social privileges. It will be surrounded by flowers, which the children love, and tend as part of their work; it will have a playground well equipped and large enough for the physical needs of the children and the athletic meets of the community; and it will be surrounded by the park of the district. In the city each school will have its garden, and every district will have its playground and park space.

Will it be very long before the good time comes, when the wildernesses in our cities and country blossom as the rose, and *with* the rose? When one begins to look for evidences, hardly a day passes but it brings a sign that the world is moving very rapidly in the way of better cultivation and beauty. Private and Public Garden Clubs and Societies have sprung up; the schools and colleges have put in courses in gardening and agriculture, and the law has made some of them obligatory; a placard in the street car admonishes us, "Plant, not pick," so as to conserve our choice wild flowers in the parks; Mr. Henry Ford is keeping a farm as a bird-preserve and is importing birds to try them in this climate; we pass laws to protect our birds; Wisconsin has passed a law to protect her frogs; Fabre makes it likely that we shall soon ask for laws to protect our good snakes; the wise Sand Farmer at Muskegon is growing bumper crops from his sand farm, not by magic, but by simple skill; "conservation" is the watchword that faces us every where; a system of water conservation will multiply the productivity of our land beyond thinking; a bill is before Congress to appropriate many millions for conservation, "the greatest measure for internal improvement ever presented to any people," according to a competent authority; and our own state is to be made a demonstrating center for the new theories, and so lead in the movement. Also, our own state is extending its forest reserve work and will ensure the preservation of the most beautiful spots of our natural landscape by setting them aside as State Parks, one for each county, on the model of the National Parks. One pleasing and prominent feature of the movement for Parks, Playgrounds and Gardens is that philanthropists are adopting this new form of benefaction. Three of our Playgrounds and two of our Parks in Grand Rapids are gifts, some of them bequests and others memorials; the School Gardens of Saginaw are gifts to that city. It is only seventy-four years since William Cullen Bryant wrote his editorial starting this Park Movement, which resulted at once in Central Park in New York, but dozens of public parks and playgrounds now belong to every large city with strong public spirit. If one has his doubts and despondencies on these matters, let him look to Chicago, where slums have as an offset a wonderful system of public grounds accessible to even the poorest neighborhoods. The slums will go, the playgrounds and parks will grow. In Berlin the Societies for Social Reform and Improvement in the Condition of the Working Classes last spring passed unanimously resolutions in favor of roof gardens for the flats of the poor districts, especially in the interests of young children that they might grow up in the open air. What Germany does, Chicago will do, and Michigan cities

will follow. It is not impossible that this will come. Stranger things have happened and all of these things are small matters when we think them so.

To return to the planting done by district and village schools. As we have said, it should not stop at the school yard and its fringe of shrubs and its flower beds, but the pupils should be led to regard the needs of the district in which they live and to supply them as a community exercise. If they plant the school yard, they are improving public property; if a group of boys takes it upon themselves in the autumn to plant a quart of hazel nuts on a slope of a grade into a hollow, they are at the same time (1) improving public property, (2) beautifying the landscape, (3) improving the roadbed by making the dirt safe from shifting, (4) saving the community possible repair bills for washouts, (5) providing nesting places for birds that protect the grain from insects, so (6) increasing the income of the farmers, and last, and not least, (7) ensuring a free supply of nuts for themselves and the boys of the future. If the girls, for their autumn planting, will gather and distribute in favored places the seeds and roots of wild sun flower, aster, wild pink, yellow daisy, wild crab, thornapple, prairie queen, balm, and other favorites of the fields, they also will be doing a worthy public service in making their world brighter by their work. The planting of seeds and nuts is thus teaching effectively foresight, public spirit, regard for beauty, a spirit of helpfulness, social co-operation—a large asset of valuables for one afternoon off, most of which can be devoted to naiting after the labor of planting is done. And what discussions of the varieties of plants this will occasion! What observation of flowers as to their beauty and habits! What opening of eyes to discover where they are needed! And what interest in the results to come next year! Here is a vital and social exercise that can hardly be excelled. And to the teacher who undertakes such work for her school, life will not be colorless, unfriended and uninteresting, but will soon be enriched by the personal friendship of pupils and patrons. If the children go home full of interest, some of the boys and men will be willing to come over and plow up the ground for the border of shrubs, and spade and fertilize the bed next the house for the flowers, and some of the women will look over their stock of bulbs, and contribute varieties, perhaps hold a social and collect some money to buy more. Why should the cemetery receive all of the attention, and the school yard for the children none? Would not a committee of young people undertake to water the garden through the summer? If a trough could be run from the pump to a trench at the flower bed's border, this simple irrigation plant would solve the problem of water. The native shrubs at the borders would require no attention after the first period of their growth.

There is no better means practically to unite old and young than together to work for public welfare, together to look over the district to find the spots that need attention, and together to lay hands to the work. The touch that each one gives endears the spot to him to his dying day. "Do you know the little red schoolhouse?" I heard a man of sixty say. "The spruce on that ground I planted—carried it on my back all the way from our swamp when I was ten years old. It is a fine tree now."

It will take fifty years to plant our state to its capacity if we plant each year what we think a good deal, and conserve what we now have. Is this discouraging, and a new burden for the weary teacher to bear along? No, quite the contrary! A labor of love and delight lies before us, and fifty recurring years will offer us the opportunity to gather the children, along with the most progressive and interested people in the community, to consider how they can make their little corner of earth more lovely—lovely even to the outward eyes of the passing stranger, lovely in a deeper sense to the innermost heart of those who lend their hands to the work. Fifty years of joyous Community Planting ahead—and fifty years of picnics!

LABOR DAY

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER

MEMORY GEMS

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, * * * and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—Henry van Dyke.

Toil, and the arm grows strong,
Sluggards are ever weak.
Toil, and the earth gives forth
Riches to those that seek.

—James P. Bloomfield.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

—Longfellow.

The greatest genius God ever gave a man is the genius of hard work.

—Edward Olney.

Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stirs not the bosom of kings.

'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin;
'Tis the true heart that beats within
Which make the man a man and brother.

Toil, I repeat—toil either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand—is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

Talk not to me of the stock whence you grew;
 But show me your stock by what you can do.
 —Spurgeon.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.—Beattie.

He who is honest is noble
 Whatever his fortune or birth.
 —Alice Cary.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
 Boys of muscle, brain and power,
 Fit to cope with anything,—
 These are wanted every hour.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities,
 nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.
 —R. W. Emerson.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
 Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
 —Wordsworth.

This is the gospel of labor—
 Sing it, ye bells of the kirk;
 The Lord of love came down from above
 To live with the men who work.
 This is the rose He planted,
 Here is the thorn-curst soil;
 Heaven is blest with a perfect rest,
 But the blessing of earth is toil.
 —Henry van Dyke.

No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him;
 There is always work,—and tools to work withal,
 For those who will; and blessed be the horny hands of toil.
 —J. R. Lowell.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy.
 —Frances S. Osgood.

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
 Shun not the struggle—face it—
 'Tis God's gift.
 Get work, get work, be sure
 It is better than what we work to get.
 —Mrs. Browning.

Aim to be what you would like to seem to be.

—The School Journal.

You will find that luck is only pluck
To try things over and over.

—Ella Higginson.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

—Henry van Dyke.

Joy to the toiler! him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long tasks of toil.

—Songs of the Toiler.

If little labor, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

—Herrick.

To look up and not down
To look forward and not back
To look out and not in
And to lend a hand.

—Hale.

Let no one 'till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done.

—Browning.

Oh what a glory does this world put on
 For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious 'sky and looks
 On duties well performed, and days well spent!
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
 He shall so hear that solemn hymn, that Death
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

—Longfellow.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.

—Reynolds.

There is no excellence without difficulty.—Ovid.

Stubborn labor conquers everything.—Virgil.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

And he gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

—Dean Swift.

He liveth long who liveth well;
 All else is life but flung away;
 He liveth longest who can tell.
 Of true things truly done each day.
 Then fill each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—Lowell.

The worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the every-day duties are done.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Nothing is gained without work.—French Proverb.

Pass, therefore not today in vain,
 For it will never come again.

—Omar Khayyam.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.

—Carlyle.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

—Longfellow.

Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

—Longfellow.

There is no work that is not honorable in the cause of humanity.

—Besant.

There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

—Whittier.

HONEST TOIL

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsmen at the oar—
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare:
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

—Henry van Dyke.

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
 But alway the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
 For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing; and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait,
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

PLUCK

Be firm. One constant element of luck
 Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
 See you tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,
 Clung to its base, and greets the sunlight still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
 But only crow-bars loose the bulldog's grip;
 Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back;
 Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do.
 Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



VIEW OF LAKE SUPERIOR, NEAR MARQUETTE.
Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

LABOR

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
 Hark! how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
 Never the little seed stops in its growing,
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lead us to ill.
 Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work,—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod.
 Work for some good,—be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Francis Osgood.

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
The piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
The tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

DUTY

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
 Whose deeds, both great and small,
 Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
 Whose love ennobles all.
 The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
 The book of life, the shining record tells.
 Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes:
 After its own life-working. A child's kiss
 Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

—Robert Browning.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused immensity, undiscoverable, except in faith.—Thomas Carlyle.



BIRCHES AT PRESQUE ISLE.

Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell
Apart in a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the word you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and brain and sinew
To serve their turn long after they are gone,
And so to hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son.
—Rudyard Kipling.

I Can, rules a mighty dominion,
With power to do and to dare;
I Can't, is a slave and a minion,
Who lives in the realm of despair.

I Can, wears the crown of the master,
Whose forces no foe can turn back;
I Can't, flies the flag of disaster,
And surrenders at every attack.

I Can, is a fighter and leader,
 Who faces the battle each day;
 I Can't, is a chronic seceder,
 Who always retreats in dismay.

I Can, marches steadily forward,
 Achieving, rejoicing, in life;
 I Can't, is a craven and coward,
 Who never can win in the strife.

—John C. Wright, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

SUCCESS

Some there are who curse their fate—
 Grumble early, grumble late;
 They don't seem to understand
 Life is joyous, life is grand.
 I would like to say a word
 On this tendency absurd:

If you chance to be a clod,
 Do not go to blaming God;
 Let me give you a friendly hunch:
 Be the best clod in the bunch!
 Get to work and never quit,
 Straighten up and show your grit;
 Soon the rest will say of you:
 "He's a genius thru and thru."
 Then you'll realize, I guess,
 Lowly clods are a success.

If you chance to be a worm,
 Don't give up, but twist and squirm;
 From your hole just wiggle out,
 Seek the fresh air all about;
 By and by you'll find this true:
 Other worms will follow you.
 Get to work and very soon
 Silk will come from your cocoon;
 Then a worm, you will confess,
 Is a wondrous big success.

If you're just a common man,
 Be the best one that you can.
 Though you can't be born a seer,
 You can widen in your sphere;
 If your portion is to till,
 Do the tilling with a will;
 Soon a hundred horny hands
 Will respond to your commands;
 Then you'll venture nothing less:
 Common men are a success.

—John C. Wright, Harbor Springs, Michigan.



PRESQUE ISLE DRIVE.
Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

In many schools the school year does not begin until after Labor Day. It has been suggested that in rural districts a day be observed as Agriculture and Rural-Life Day, in such a way as to emphasize the importance of agriculture to the nation and to the world of mankind, to call attention to the worth and worthiness of the tillage of the soil, the cultivation of plants, and the breeding and care of animals as an occupation and profession, and to reveal something of the beauty and glory of simple and sane life in the open country.—See Bulletin No. 43, 1913, published by the United States Bureau of Education.

COLUMBUS DAY

OCTOBER TWELFTH

The program should consist mainly of stories told by pupils of the conditions in Europe, ideas of the earth, knowledge of geography, commerce, and incidents in the life of Columbus.

COLUMBUS

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrow—

Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find

Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!

'Twas his to lend a life: 'twas man's to borrow:

'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow.

—Theodore Watts-Dunton.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,

Behind the gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores,

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,

For, lo! the very stars are gone;

Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"

"Why, say, sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mut'nous day by day;

My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say, at break of day:

'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,

Until at last the blanch'd mate said;

"Why now, not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, and say—"

He said: "Sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate:

“This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leaped as a leaping sword:

“Sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

And thro’ the darkness peered that night.

Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—

A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew—a star-lit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn;

He gained a world! he gave that world

Its watch-word: “On! and on!”

MY NATIVE LAND

In far-away countries over the seas are beautiful paintings and sights
to please;

But scattered all over our native land are pictures I reckon equally
grand:

The rocks of Lake Superior,

Niagara’s mighty falls;

The crags of rugged mountains,

High flung, with granite walls;

Great mesas, plains and valleys,

Where giant monarchs grow;

Glens, glades and pleasant grottoes,

In sunshine, mist or snow;

Bays, gulfs and rippling waters,

Where the sunlight dancing down

Rears palaces of brilliant hues

Near the landmarks of some old town;

Long lanes thru silent woodlands,

Where life is wild and free—

These and a thousand more besides,

Are the things that appeal to me.

I gaze across a shimmering lake,

At a wondrous sunset scene—

Watch the burst of glowing crimson,

Dark red and purple green,

Like the crown of some fabled goddess

Piercing the utmost sky

And my soul is at rest in the perfect joy

Of a love that can never die.

The west is aflame with the sacred fire!
 And my spirit is longing to take
 Its flight and follow the sun's decline
 Down yonder behind the lake.

* * * * *

A soft, warm breath comes thru the trees,
 And in reverential mien,
 I thank the Lord for the earth and skies
 And the gift of this treasured scene.

Harbor Springs, Michigan.

—John C. Wright.

KEEP A-TRYING

Say, "I will!" and then stick to it—
 That's the only way to do it.
 Don't build up awhile and then
 Tear the whole thing down again.
 Fix the goal you wish to gain,
 Then go at it heart and brain,
 And, though clouds shut out the blue,
 Do not dim your purpose true
 With your sighing
 Stand erect, and like a man
 Know "They can who think they can,"
 Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
 Turned back to his native shore,
 Men would not, today, proclaim
 Round the world his deathless name.
 So must we sail on with him
 Past horizons far and dim,
 Till at last we own the prize
 That belongs to him who tries
 With faith undying;
 Own the prize that all may win
 Who, with hope, through thick and thin
 Keep a-trying.

THE BOY COLUMBUS

"'Tis a wonderful story," I heard you say,
 "How he struggled and worked and pleaded and prayed,
 And faced every danger undismayed,
 With a will that would neither break nor bend,
 And discovered a new world in the end—
 But what does it teach to a boy of today?
 All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course;
 All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:

There is nothing left for a boy to find,
If he had ever so much a mind
To become a discoverer famous;
And if we'd much rather read a book
About someone else, and the risks he took,
Why nobody, surely, can blame us."
So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been chartered and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known;
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown
They have carried a venturing prow?
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall. Spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene
And await their Columbus securely.
There are new worlds in Science, and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely.

—Manual of Patriotism.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER

"Now is the time to forget all your cares
 Cast every trouble away;
 Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
 Don't be afraid to be gay!
 None are too old and none are too young
 To frolic on Thanksgiving Day."

—Youth's Companion.

"Get a thorough welcome ready for the grand old day."

—Will Carleton.

"To the Giver of all blessings
 Let our voices rise in praise,
 For the joy and countless mercy
 He has sent to crown our days."

—From "The Home."

"All speed away home, as they hear from afar
 The voice of old Thanksgiving call."

—Youth's Companion.

We ourselves must pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.
 —Lowell.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.
 —Lowell.

Of all the glad days of the year,
 Thanksgiving Day's the best;
 Then fun and joy run riot,
 And sorrow is at rest.

—M. J. B.

THE REASON WHY

We learned it all in history—you didn't think I knew?
 Why, don't you suppose I study my lesson? Course I do.
 The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.
 Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
 Or perhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
 But if the Pilgrim mothers were busy making pie,
 I suppose they couldn't bother and so that is the way
 It happened that the *Fathers* made our Thanksgiving Day.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

—Mrs. Hemans.

THE BILL OF FARE

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peaches, quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread—
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great, big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat—
That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be—
For this happiness, you can see,
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have;
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mammas say,
For Thanksgiving.

—Eugene Field.

THANKSGIVING JOYS

Cartloads of pumpkins, as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,—
Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time begins,
From office and schoolroom and hall,
Fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts,
Nieces and nephews and all
Speed away home, as they hear from afar,
The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
Cast every trouble away,
Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
Don't be afraid to be gay!
None are too old, and none are too young,
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.
—Youth's Companion.

THANKSGIVING

The year rolls 'round its circle,
 The seasons come and go;
 The harvest days are ended,
 And chilly north winds blow;
 Orchards have lent their treasures
 And fields their yellow grain,
 So open wide the doorway;
 Thanksgiving comes again.

—I. N. Tarbox.

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS

1. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

2. The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

3. There were but two English Thanksgivings in the last century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

4. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633 when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.

5. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.

6. The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the president has issued an annual proclamation.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, A. D. 1621

"And now," said the Governor, gazing
 Abroad on the piled-up store
 Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings,
 And covered the meadows o'er,
 "'Tis meet that we render praises
 Because of this yield of grain,
 'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest,
 Be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford,
 (By the grace of God, to-day,
 And the franchise of this people)
 Governor of Plymouth, say,
 Through virtue of vested power,
 Ye shall gather with one accord,
 And hold in the month of November
 Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"So, shoulder your match-locks, masters,
 There is hunting of all degrees,
 And, fishermen, take your tackle
 And scour for the spoils the seas.
 And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
 Your delicate crafts employ
 To honor our first Thanksgiving
 And make it a feast of joy."

At length came the day appointed;
 The snow had begun to fall,
 But the clang in the meeting-house belfry,
 Rang merrily over all
 And summoned the folks of Plymouth,
 Who hastened with one accord
 To listen to Elder Brewster,
 As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford;
 Men, matrons and maidens fair,
 Miles Standish and all of his soldiers,
 With corselet and sword were there.
 And sobbing and tears of gladness
 Had each in turn its sway;
 For the grave of sweet Rose Standish,
 O'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem,
 Sat down with his hundred braves,
 And ate of the varied riches
 Of gardens and woods and waves,
 And looked on the granaried harvest,
 With a blow on his brawny chest,
 He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
 Loves his white children best."

—From Colonial Ballads.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
 And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.
 "If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
 When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!"

"Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,
 With all *his* thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
 Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;
 But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.

THE BOY IS COMIN' HOME

I tell you it is busy times jest now for me and marm;
 The boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgivin' on the farm.
 'Tis ten long years since he went West to mingle in its strife;
 He's done first-rate, and, furthermore, he's got a Western wife.

We got the letter yesterday, and marm she laid awake
 Full half the night, to praise the Lord and think what she must bake.
 If I should feed the turkey now, as she declares I must,
 Why, long before Thanksgivin' Day he would swell all up and bust.

I've had to grind the choppin' knife and go to choppin' mince,
 And things are brewin' rich and fine and fit to feed a prince.
 The Boy, he writ for chicken pie, "With double crust," says he,
 "And mixed with cream, that lovely pie you used to make for me."

He wants a big red apple from the hillside Northern Spy,
 And butternuts—I've got 'em round the stovepipe, brown and dry;
 He wants to lay the fire himself with maple hard and sound,
 And pop some corn upon the hearth when all are gathered 'round.

He wants the things he used to have when he was but a lad,
 'Tis somewhat strange, it may be, but it makes us mighty glad.
 We're both a little whiter, but our love, depend upon't,
 Is jest as green and stiddy as the hills of old Vermont.

It flustered marm a bit at first about the Western wife,
 What she should do for one so fine and used to city life;
 But tucked between the Boy's big sheets she found a little slip;
 She read it with a happy tear, a gently quivering lip;
 "Dear mother," them's her words, "I write this on the sly,
 So don't tell John, but make for him a big, big pumpkin pie;
 I know it will delight him, for he still is but a boy—
 His mother's boy—and so he fills his wife's glad heart with joy."
 And so you see, 'tis busy times jest now for me and marm—
 The Boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgivin' on the farm.

—John Mervin Hull, in Lippincott's.

THE MAGIC VINE

A fairy seed I planted
 So dry and white and old;
 There sprang a vine enchanted
 With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
 And truly, by and by,
 It bore a Jack-o'-lantern,
 And a great Thanksgiving pie.

THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR

This is the feast-time of the year,
When hearts grow warm, and home more dear;
When autumn's crimson torch expires,
To flash again in winter's fires.
And they who tracked October's flight,
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmed circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze;
This is the feast-time of the year,
When plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare,
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller, overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease,
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.
This is the feast-time of the year,
The blessed advent draweth near;
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love, for Christ's sweet sake;
Again the time when rich and poor
Must ope for him a common door
Who comes a guest, yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

THANKSGIVING STORY

The ripe rosy apples are all gathered in;
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin;
And nuts for the children, a plentiful store,
Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor;
The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a size,
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies;
And all the good times that children hold dear,
Have come round again with the feast of the year.

Now what shall we do in our bright happy homes,
To welcome this time of good times as it comes?
And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day?
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful some other hearts, too;
For lives that are grateful, and sunny, and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad;
For children who have all they want and to spare
Their good things with poor little children to share;
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

IT IS COMING

It is coming—it is coming—be the weather dark or fair;
 See the joy upon the faces, feel the blessings in the air!
 Get the dining chamber ready—let the kitchen stove be filled;
 Into gold-dust pumpkin—have the fatted turkey killed;
 Tie the chickens in a bundle by their yellow-downy legs;
 Hunt the barn, with hay upholstered, for the ivory-prisoned eggs.
 'Tis the next of a procession, through the centuries on its way;
 Get a thorough welcome ready for the grand old day.

—Will Carleton.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

“When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock
 And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin’ turkey cock,
 And the clackin’ of the guineys and the cluckin’ of the hens,
 And the rooster’s hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence.
 O, its then’s the time a feller is a feelin’ at his best,
 With the risin’ sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
 As he leaves the house bare-headed and goes out to feed the stock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.

They’s something kindo harty-like about the atmosfere,
 When the heat of summer’s over and the coolin’ fall is here—
 Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
 And the mumble of the hummin’ birds and buzzin’ of the bees;
 But the air’s so appetizin’, and the landscape through the haze
 Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
 Is a pictur’ that no painter has the colorin’ to mock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.
 The husky rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,
 And the raspin’ of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
 The stubble in the furries—kindo lonesome like and still
 A preachin’ sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
 The straw stack in the medder and the reaper in the shed;
 The hosses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!
 O, it sets my hart a-clickin’ like the ticken’ of the clock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered and the ones a feller keeps
 Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellow heaps;
 And your cider-makin’s over and your wimmin folks is through
 With their mince and apple-butter and their sauce and sausage, too:—
 I don’t know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
 As the Angels wantin’ boardin’ and they’d call around on me
 I’d want to ’commodate ’em—all the whole indurin’ flock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.”

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PUMPKIN

(On receipt of a pumpkin pie.)

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day when from east and from west,
 From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest,
 When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
 The old broken links of affection restored.

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
 And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,—
 What moistens the lip and brightens the eye,
 What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
 When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
 Glaring out through the dark with a candle within;
 When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune
 Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,—
 Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
 In the pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team.

Then thanks for thy present; none sweeter or better
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine.
 And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet and its last sunset sky
 Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

—J. G. Whittier.

WE THANK THEE

First pupil—

For gainful hours of pain and loss,
 For strength that grew beneath the cross,
 For gold refined and freed from dross,
 We thank Thee, Lord.

Second pupil—

For cheerful ease and calm content,
 For hours in gentle gladness spent,
 So sweet we ask not how they went,
 We thank Thee, Lord.

Third pupil—

For hours o'erlived with bated breath,
 For victory in the fight with death,
 For answered prayers that strengthened faith,
 We thank Thee, Lord.

Fourth pupil—

For ties Thou hast not torn apart,
 For glimpses of Thee as Thou art,
 For the "bright weather of our heart,"
 We thank Thee, Lord.

Fifth pupil—

And oh! for mercies numberless,
 For succor in our soul's distress
 In perils we but dimly guess,
 We thank Thee, Lord.

The five together—

We have no words and little wit
 To frame such thanks as may befit
 Thy grace, and yet—Thou knowest it—
 We thank Thee, Lord.

As children, sometimes sudden
 Run, grateful to a father's knee—
 We dimly feel our debt to Thee,
 And thank Thee, Lord.

WE OFFER THANKS

(Concert Recitation)

For earlier and for later rain,
 And seasons with their wonted train;
 For bounty given through all the year,
 And bins heaped high with harvest cheer;
 For fleecy clouds and skies of blue,
 For all earth's beauty ever new;
 For all the hopes which fair and bright,
 Attend the morrow's dawning light,
 And promise joys for days to be,
 We offer thanks, O Lord, to Thee.

STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

Children, do you know the story
 Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
 Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers
 In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
 Wealth and comfort—yes, and more:
 Left their homes and friends and kindred
 For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
 Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
 There they built their rude log-cabins
 'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread
Lest the wild and savage red man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eye on every hand;
And before the springtime reached them
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects—
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all His mercies
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed
And the colony begun.

And now, when in late November
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved, years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

—Selected.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

In Puritan New England a year had passed away,
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare.

“Our husbandry hath prospered; there is corn enough for food,
Though ‘the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent good.’
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous,
And filled with oil the widow’s cruse, He hath remembered us.

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, 'Give us our daily bread.'
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving Day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild fowl from the brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised, though eyes with tears were
dim;

"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice;
"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least;
Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste;
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced;
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand,
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, today their children tread,
The mercies of that bounteous hand upon the land are shed;
The "flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer, and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord, who sends our daily bread.

—Alice Williams Brotherton.



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

JANUARY FIRST

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Hark! throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing
 From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
 Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
 Echoes of ages from far Galilee;

Christmas is here,
 Merry old Christmas,
 Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bearing Christmas,
 Day of grand memories, King of the Year.

—Selected.

It was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well,
 if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us,
 and of all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed,

"God bless us
 Every one."

—Charles Dickens.

Christmas again, with its joy and cheer,
 Christmas again! How it brightens the year.
 Christmas again! How it makes us recall
 The Star o'er the stable, the Child in the stall!

—Susie M. Best.

When bells of Christmas ring,
 Joyous and clear,
 Speak only happy words,
 All love and cheer.

—Emilie Poulsson.

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
 There's a mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry,
 And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
 And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

—Herrick.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
 Why do little children sing?
 Once a lovely, shining star,
 Seen by shepherds from afar,
 Gently moved until its light
 Made a manger-cradle bright.

There a darling Baby lay,
 Pillowed soft upon the hay;
 And its mother sang and smiled,
 "This is Christ, the holy child."
 Therefore, bells for Christmas ring,
 Therefore, little children sing!

—Eugene Field.

Soon, over half the earth,
 In every temple, crowds shall kneel again
 To celebrate His birth,
 Who brought the message of good-will to men,
 And bursts of joyous song
 Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

—Bryant.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
 Each age has deem'd the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer.

—Walter Scott.

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
 We hang up garlands everywhere,
 And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
 And feast and frolic—and then we go
 Back to the same old lives again.

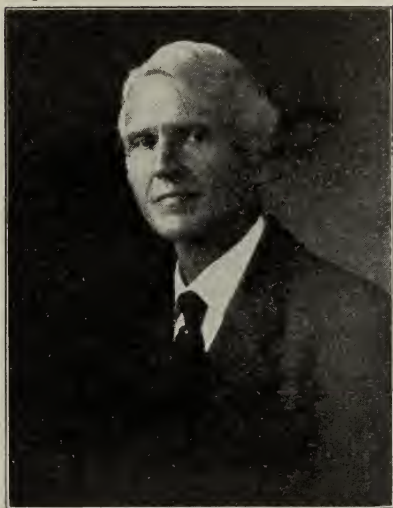
—Susan Coolidge.

Out of the bosom of the air,
 Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow,
 Descends the snow.

—Anon.

CHRISTMASTIDE

The time draws near the birth of Christ,
 The moon is hid; the night is still;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill,
 Answer each other in the mist.



WOODBIDGE N. FERRIS.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

It was very, very long ago. It was Christmas Eve in a little log house in a little valley. In those days Santa Claus really lived. The little boy and his four little sisters hung up their stockings. What Santa Claus put in his sisters' stockings the little boy ought to remember, but he doesn't. He remembers only what was put in his own stocking. It was a little candy fish. The little boy was happier than a king. For days and days he gazed longingly upon the fish as it grew gradually smaller from frequent contact with his tongue.

The good old fashioned Christmas, so very simple, is a delightful memory. Costly presents and display do not make a Merry Christmas. It is the glow of good fellowship, the abiding faith in the native goodness and tenderness of humanity, the regenerating power of love that hallows Christmas. A Merry Christmas is born out of the longings of the human heart. These longings make life worth while. The good Father of us all gives liberally to His children. Therefore, these longings are not in vain. Sunshine and storm, achievement and failure, joy and sorrow, all contribute to the growth of a human soul. Christmas is a call to childhood and youth, not for a day, not for a year, but for all days and years to come. Oh, for the tears of childhood! Oh, for the laughter of childhood! Oh, for the dreams and hopes of childhood! Give up being young? Never! To grow old is to die. Youth is man's guardian angel. The fountains of youth are the eternal fountains out of which flow the waters of life. Christmas says to all the world—be young, courageous, joyous, hopeful, righteous and just. Never did the Star in the East shine so brightly as it shines today. All the nations of the earth are try-

ing to hear the call of the Prince of Peace. His call is "Thy kingdom come on earth"—here, now, for you, for me, for all the children of men. Let us, therefore, rejoice and live in the sunshine of a Merry, Merry Christmas.—Woodbridge N. Ferris.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then, by the great clock of humanity. But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you can not keep it alone.—Henry van Dyke.

The happy Christmas comes once more,
 The heavenly Guest is at thy door,
 The blessed words, the shepherds thrill,
 The joyful tidings—peace, good-will!
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Now roll along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.—Blashfield.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night:
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going—let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring but a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

SING, CHRISTMAS BELLS

Whereon our Saviour-King is born;
 Say to the earth this is the morn
 Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 The little child that sports in glee,—
 The aged folks that tottering go,—
 Proclaim the morn
 That Christ is born,
 That saveth them and saveth me.

—Eugene Field.

EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
 Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
 Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright!
 Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
 Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
 Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
 For the Christ-child who comes is the master of all;
 No palace too great, no cottage too small.

—Phillips Brooks.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, and that your way he'll call,
 Don't mind the Christmas stockin'—don't hang it up at all!
 But when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the home-lights burnin'
 dim,
 He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

When you hear his sleigh-bells jingle on the house-tops snowy white,
 Say: "The wind is playin' music for the witches o' the night."
 When he's slidin' down the chimneys of the still and dreamy town—
 "'Tis the wind that wants to warm himself—the wind is comin' down!"

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, like other folks b'lieve,
 Just wait until Fourth o' July, and forget it's Christmas Eve!
 Say: "The children—they just dreamed him, and they think he's true-
 and-true!"
 And don't hang up your stocking—for he won't believe in you!

When the floor is piled with playthings, and the Christmas trumpets
 blow,
 Say no fairy-folk have been there, and that Santa Claus ain't so!
 When your stockin's lookin' lonesome, then you'll know the reason why;
 You'll wish you'd made-believe in him 'fore Santa Claus went by!

Your great and great grand-people—they knew him far away,
 (There's toys that he gave them in the attic there today!)
 The chair grandfather dreams in—he give him that, you know,
 For bein' once a little boy, and believin' in him so!

But—don't you hang your stocking up, if you don't think that way,
 And know lots more 'bout Santa Claus than folks that's old and gray;
 But—when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the mornin' stars burn
 dim,
 He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

QUITE LIKE A STOCKING

Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kris Kringle looked around
And saw, on an elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
Lonely and empty now.

"Quite a stocking," he laughed,
"Hung up there on a tree!
I didn't suppose the birds
Expected a present from me."
Then old Kris Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
Into the oriole's nest.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight:
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus, I hang for you
By the mantel, stockings two;
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there
You would find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try;
And the shoes, you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stocking with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

—Selected.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

Oh, wake ye, little children,
And be of goodly cheer.
Yon sun so high along the sky
Hath shone two thousand year.
And once it saw a little child
In manger lying undefiled,
And all about the cattle mild
Did lovingly draw near.
So wake ye, little children, and be of goodly cheer.

Oh, wake ye, little children,
And let each heart be gay.
Good will to men they caroled then,
And why should ye delay?
Awake, awake, and rise and sing,
And greet ye every living thing,
For man and beast did greet your King
On that first Christmas day!
Then wake ye, little children,
For this is Christmas day.

THE FINEST TREE

What tree is there so fair to see
 So lovely as the Christmas tree?
 What other hides so many joys
 On Christmas Eve, for girls and boys?

When winter's snows lie deep and white,
 With tiny candles sparkling bright,
 Its boughs are filled with wondrous things,
 No other tree such pleasure brings!

And tho' it blooms but once a year,
 And all too soon must disappear,
 Of all the trees, you will agree,
 The finest is the Christmas tree!

—Youth's Companion.

MERRIE CHRISTMAS

A merrie Christmas to you!
 For we serve the Lord with mirth,
 And we carol forth glad tidings
 Of our holy Saviour's birth.
 So we keep the golden greeting
 With its meaning deep and true,
 And wish a "merrie Christmas"
 And a happy New Year to you!

Oh, yes, a "merrie Christmas,"
 With blithest song and smile,
 Bright with the thought of him who dwelt
 On earth a little while,
 That we might dwell forever
 Where never falls a tear;
 So a "merrie Christmas" to you,
 And a happy, happy year.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so beaten himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, Uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I might have profited. I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow passengers of the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say 'God bless it.'—From Dickens' Christmas Carol.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Beautiful bells of Christmas
Ring in the belfry, ring!
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
Slumbers a little King.

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Chime on the air again,
This is your blessed message,
Peace and good will to men.

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Scatter the news afar,
The light of the world is promised
In Bethlehem's blazing star.

—Susie M. Best.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

This is the best known Christmas carol, and should be taught to every child. It was written by Nahum Tate, who was England's poet laureate in 1692.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 And thus shall be the sign
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease."

A FEEL IN THE CHRISTMAS AIR

They's a kind o' *feel* in the air, to me,
 When the Chris'mas time sets in,
 That's about as much of a mystery
 As ever I've run agin!
 Fer instunce, now, whilse I gain in weight
 An' ginerall health, I swear
 There's a *goneness* somers I can't quite state—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
 To the spot where a man *lives* at!
 It gives a feller an appetite—
 There ain't no doubt about *that*!
 And yit, they's *sompin'*—I don't know what—
 That follows me here and there,
 And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
 W'y, *no!*—God bless 'em!—*no!*
 Is it the eyes and cheeks ablaze—
 Like my own wuz, long ago?—
 Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
 O' the little toy-drum and blare
 O' the horn?—*No! no!*—it's jest the sweet—
 The sad-sweet feel in the air.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 The old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way
 The world revolved from night to day.
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime,
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearthstone of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
 "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Written December 25, 1864, by Henry W. Longfellow.

THE AMERICAN STOCKING

In Norway, they leave a basket—
The queer little girls and boys—
To be filled by good old Santa
With candies and nuts and toys
In Holland, a shoe is waiting,
In Germany always a tree;
But the good American stocking
Is the best for you and for me.

—Selected.

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white are dreaming of
Bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

—(Taken from "The Posy Ring," compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin.)

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Just at the turn of the midnight,
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep.

At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring;
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack;
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvelous thing!

Flowers by hosts and armies;
Stars and sunshine and rain;
The merry times and the sorrowful times;
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"
The year will be started well on his way,
Swinging along through his first white day,
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey!
Fifty-two weeks of a spell!
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

SANTA CLAUS LAND

Santa Claus land is a wonderful land, that's close to the Isle of Dreams,
You reach the spot in a fairy boat by the light of the soft moonbeams,
There are beautiful forests in Santa Claus' land, cedar and fir, you know,
And groves where the holly twines scarlet and bright and the wax-like
mistletoe.

There are wondrous reindeer in Santa Claus' land with antlers that
arch so wide,
Who speed along on the fleetest of feet and prance and dance in their
pride,
There are mammoth sledges piled high with gifts, ready the stockings to
fill,
When the moon comes up on Christmas eve and the whole wide world
is still.

There are strange little people in Santa Claus' land, round and jolly
and fat
And each of the men wears a long white beard and a queer little round
fur hat.
The women are busy from morning till night, making gifts for Christmas
day,
But the children do nothing the whole year long, but look at their toys
and play.

There's a great big office in this strange land, where the letters to Santa
Claus go
That come up the chimneys and fly through the air to the land of ice and
snow,
And there is a book where the names are kept of good little girls and
boys
And just what they wish for a Christmas gift, whatever the kind of
toys.

Oh, Santa Claus' land is a wonderful land, near the land of the Make-
Believe,
Through a star-lit world you must steer your craft, till the harbor doth
you receive,
No doubters are there in this beautiful spot, but the babies both big
and small,
For Santa Claus' land is the children's land and it welcomes them one
and all.

—Myrtle Barber Carpenter.

THE SISTINE MADONNA BY RAPHAEL

This is considered one of the greatest pictures of the world, and was painted by Raphael in 1519 when he was about thirty-six years old. It was painted for an altar piece for the convent of Saint Sixtus at Piacenza. It is about ten feet high and seven wide and the figures are life size. For two hundred years it hung in the little church at Piacenza but finally it was sold to Augustus III. of Saxony for about \$40,000.00. It was taken away secretly and a copy put in its place. Another picture was painted over the Sistine Madonna and it was smuggled into Germany and taken to Dresden. The false picture which was painted in sepia was washed off, and Augustus received the true picture in the reception hall of the palace. It was finally placed in the Gallery at Dresden where it now hangs. It is a pleasant thing to know that when Frederick the Great bombarded Dresden, he ordered his cannon to keep clear of the Gallery. Napoleon, too, though he took many pictures to Paris did not take any from the Dresden Gallery. The value of this picture has recently been estimated at over \$700,000.00.

The Mother with the beautiful Christ Child in her arms stands upon the clouds. The curtains drawn aside suggest a vision. The halo about the Madonna and the little Child comes from many angel faces. On the right of the picture kneels Saint Barbara, who was a martyr and had



THE SISTINE MADONNA.—Raphael.

been chosen by the Black Monks as their patron saint. Directly behind her is a tower where she was imprisoned, the punishment she received for her steadfastness to the Christian religion. On the left is Saint Sisto who was also a martyr. The legends concerning the two cherubs disagree.

According to one, when Raphael was painting the picture two pretty boys watched him as he worked, in the attitudes of the cherubs, and so the thought came to him to place them at the feet of the Madonna.

Another legend tells us that when Raphael was lying in bed one night with his thoughts dwelling on his work, he fell asleep and in a dream seemed to see these cherubs leaning on the footboard before him. The dream haunted him and at last became a part of the great painting.

Another legend shows the picture finished without the cherubs, and hung up for exhibition with a railing before it to protect it. Two pretty boys stood behind the railing leaning upon it when Raphael came in. He decided to add them to the picture as adoring cherubs.

Still another legend: When Raphael was traveling over the country looking for models to represent beautiful thoughts he had in his mind, he saw a lovely mother with twin boys looking up into her face with the rapt expression of the cherubs, while she told them the story of the Christ Child. It is said that these boys became models for his famous picture.

The colors add much to the beauty of the picture. The curtains are green. The dress of the Madonna is delicate crimson, bordered with gold; the long robe is blue, and the headdress is a soft gray. Saint Barbara wears a dull green tunic with yellow sleeves and a red Italian scarf. Saint Sisto is robed in white linen, with a silk handkerchief about his neck and a mantle of gold brocade lined with red.

This was the last picture painted wholly by Raphael, for the Transfiguration which was the last picture that he worked on was finished by his pupils.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

It is Christmas in the Mansion,
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
It is Christmas in the Cottage,
Mothers filling little socks.

It is Christmas on the Highway,
In the thronging, busy mart;
But the dearest, truest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the Heart.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas coming! Hear the clatter
Of the children; what's the matter?
Why this pent expectancy?
Goodness me! What can it be?
Christmas coming! Sleigh bells jingling,
Frost and cold set blood a-tingling,
Christmas coming! Old Kris Kringle
With his pack and reindeer jingle
Down the chimney soon will come
With the dolls and sleds and drum.

Christmas coming! Old folks blinking;
At the children's chatter winking;
Kindly hands and watchful eyes,
Fixing up a glad surprise.
Christmas coming! Oh, what joy,
Little girl and little boy;
Hide the toys and trim the tree,
Soon we'll hear a shout of glee.
Christmas coming! Snow and weather,
Young and old are young together.

Christmas Coming! You remember
What that meant long gone December?
Years may pass, but still 'tis true,
At the thought Love springs anew.
Christmas coming! Magic season,
Why is it? What is the reason?
Why is grandpa growing young?
Why the songs so long unsung?
Christmas coming! Christmas here!
With its joy, its laugh, its tear.

—E. J. Sturtzel.

MICHIGAN AND PIONEER DAY

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

"If Thou Seekest a Beautiful Peninsula Look Around"
(Motto on Great Seal of State)

MICHIGAN'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL SONG

To thee I sing, my own dear home,
In the land of the setting sun,
To thy hills and valleys, rivers and lakes,
Thy beauties every one.
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons,
And thy daughters fond and true,
Who greet thee today with pride and joy,
And the glorious past review.

Each hallowed spot of thy lake-bound shores,
Each teeming city of thine,
Each village, hamlet, hillside, dale,
Thy forests of oak and pine,
Thy northern shores that are fondly kissed,
By Superior's sparkling wave,
Where thou yield'st rich ores from thy loving heart
Are dear to thy children brave.

On the lakes and rivers winding through
Thy forests deep and dark,
Where swiftly glided in days gone by,
The savage warrior's bark,
Are smiling meadows, fertile fields,
Tilled by thy children free,
Who offer this day with thankful hearts
Their loyal homage to thee.

Then blessings on thee, Michigan,
We wave thy banners gay,
And wish thee many glad returns,
Of this thy natal day;
We'll govern thee in coming years,
By laws both true and just,
And progress shall our watchword be
In God our hope and trust.

Then give three cheers for the boundless shores,
That the broad lake breezes fan,
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons,
Beautiful Michigan.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN

BY MRS. JANE W. BRENT

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan;
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines,
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh, Michigan, &c.,
And sent thy bravest forth to die, Michigan, &c.
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight, but *never* fly, Michigan, &c.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall, Michigan, &c.,
They bravely fight, as bravely fall, Michigan, &c.
To Williamsburg we point with pride—
Our Fifth and Seventh, side by side,
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide, Michigan, &c.

When worn with watching traitor foes, Michigan, &c.,
The welcome night brought sweet repose, Michigan, &c.,
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For "Michigan's on guard tonight!" Michigan, &c.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain, Michigan, &c.,
Again behold thy heroes slain, Michigan, &c.,
Their strong arms crumble in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust,
Their memory is our sacred trust, Michigan, &c.

And often in the coming years, Michigan, &c.,
Some widowed mother'll dry her tears, Michigan, &c.,
And turning with a thrill of pride,
Say to the children at her side,
"At Antietam your father died,
For Michigan, *our* Michigan.

*With General Grant's victorious name, Michigan, &c.,
Thy sons still onward march to fame, Michigan, &c.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Where'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabers of thy cavalry, Michigan, &c.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood, Michigan, &c.,
 The tide was crimsoned with thy blood, Michigan, &c.,
 Although for us the day was lost,
 Still it shall be our proudest boast,
 At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed, Michigan, &c.

And when the happy time shall come, Michigan, &c.,
 That brings thy war-worn heroes home, Michigan, &c.,
 What welcome from their own proud shore,
 What honors at their feet we'll pour,
 What tears for those who'll come no more, Michigan, &c.

A grateful country claims them now, Michigan, &c.,
 And deathless laurel binds each brow, Michigan, &c.,
 And history the tale will tell
 Of how they fought and how they fell,
 For that dear land they loved so well, Michigan, &c.

IN MICHIGAN

Where the wild goose wings its way,
 Where the swallows chirp and play,
 Where the deer in freedom roam—
 Michigan, my home, sweet home.

Oh, the daisies in the field,
 Oh, the sweets the orchards yield;
 Oh, the charms on every hand
 In this joy-enchanted land.

Where the robin builds its nest,
 Where the song-birds sing their best;
 Where the brightness of the skies
 Makes an earthly paradise.

Where the blue-jay gives its call,
 Where the hemlocks stand so tall;
 Where the lakes in splendor reach
 To a sandy, pebbled beach.

Where the golden sunsets glow,
 Where the breezes gently blow;
 Underneath the Northern dome—
 Here I'm happy—here is home.

John C. Wright.
 Harbor Springs, Michigan.

NOTE—The foregoing is a true copy of the original poem, as printed in the *Union Vidette* in 1863 during the siege of Knoxville.

*General Custer's favorite stanza.



VIEW OF PRESQUE ISLE.

Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

THE FOUNDERS OF MICHIGAN

We should cherish with the highest respect the memory of the founders of this State. Among them were many of the most intelligent and enterprising men and women of Ohio, New York, New England, and Virginia. The men who drafted the first Constitution of the State were men of large views and broad statesmanship. The friends of the educational system of Michigan should be especially grateful to the authors of the Constitutional Article on education. Isaac E. Crary of Marshall, a graduate of Trinity College, Connecticut, drafted that article, after much consultation with Rev. John D. Pierce, a graduate of Brown University, who was afterwards the first Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. Thanks to the wisdom of the fathers and to the generous love of education cherished by their successors, the school children of our day can see the path open to them through the district school and higher schools, to the Normal school, the Agricultural College, the Mining School, and the University, at moderate expense. No State is better provided than Michigan with facilities for every child to obtain an education which will fit him for any position in life.

James B. Angell.

QUESTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTIES OF MICHIGAN

Arranged by Mrs. M. B. Ferry, Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

1. Who were the first explorers of your county?
2. What Indians did they find there?
3. What Indian legends or stories can you find?
4. Who were the first settlers; where and when, and nationality?
5. The first organization.
6. Name of first town.
7. Origin and signification of names of county, towns, or cities.
8. Who were the first officers of county?
9. Are there any historic spots?
10. Any trees under which councils or meetings were held.
11. Any trees or stones that mark early Indian trails.
12. Any landmarks.
13. The first marriage and first death in town or county.
14. First schools established and first teachers.
15. History of first churches and ministers.
16. Tell about the first missionaries or missionary societies.
17. How were the sick cared for in early times?
18. Who was the first doctor?
19. Tell of first law court and lawyers.
20. Early transportation and first roads.
21. What kind of trees found in your county?
22. Name of railroads and surveyors.
23. Topography.
24. Crops from early times to present.
25. Culture of fruit.
26. Industries.
27. Social gatherings.
28. History of benevolent and humane society in each township.
29. Parks, interesting groves and fairgrounds.
30. History of banks and money used from early times.
31. What flags have floated over this section of the state?
32. Trace amusements from early to present time.
33. History of any academy, college or institution.
34. Old and new household economies.
35. Old time funeral customs and cemeteries.
36. Old stories and habits of early or well-known people.
37. Collect old letters, old newspapers from which articles pertaining to county and people may be taken.
38. Old and new pictures of houses, persons and business blocks.
39. Who are the noted men and women of your county?
40. Secure short biographies of your pioneers and prominent citizens and place these in the public libraries with card catalogue.



LAKE SHORE AFTER A STORM.
Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

KNOW YOUR OWN STATE

Compiled by Mrs. M. B. Ferrey of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

- 1607. First English flag raised at Jamestown, Va.
- 1608. First French flag at Quebec. The Spanish were the colonizers, then the French to whom one would have given dominion over America at this time, but they were only traders and not farmers, who alone can make settlements as the English did.
- 1610. That country now Michigan, explored, a decade before Plymouth Rock was stepped on or Pilgrims known.
- 1611. Champlain visited Michigan and made a rough map of Saginaw which he sent to Paris.
- 1615. Indian carried copper from Lake Superior to Quebec.
- 1624. Named New France.
- 1634. Jean Nicolet first permanent settler.
- 1641. Joques and Raymbault, missionaries and explorers.
- 1663. Population 2,500; 1760, 6,000.
- 1665. Father Allouez. 1669, Marquette. 1673, Joliet; these last two explored the Mississippi river. We owe much to the missionaries.
- 1679. La Griffon, first boat on Lake Superior, launched by La Salle and wrecked the same year.
- 1701. Cadillac founded Detroit July 24, 1701; found three white traders. July 25 Detroit had over one hundred whites and one hundred Indians. First church started; has oldest records in U. S., St. Anne's.
- 1712. Sacs and Foxes attacked Detroit.
- 1763. Great Britain established Province of Quebec, shaped like triangle, from Lake Nipissing to St. Lawrence, near Lake Francis. This left out Michigan, lower Canada and Ohio. Isenhart was murdered at Detroit by Michelle Due, a Frenchman; tried before Philip Dejean, called the "Grand Judge"; found guilty and sent to Quebec for trial and execution; as he had friends in Montreal he was carried there to be hung. An inquiry was made resulting in knowledge that they had no power whatever over Michigan. Sir Carleton swore that Michigan was under Quebec rule but Detroit was not; that New Orleans belonged to the Province but he was not certain about Illinois. In 1774 the Quebec Act was passed, which took in the disputed territory, including Michigan.
- 1763. Pontiac's conspiracy. All whites at Mackinaw but one massacred. Twelve forts attacked, all captured but four. Pontiac controlled 1,000 miles of sea coast.
- 1787. Northwest Territory organized. All of Michigan comprised in Wayne county. Famous Ordinance of 1787 made.
- 1796. British relinquish Northwest Territory.
- 1805. Territory first known as Michigan. Detroit burned, leaving but one house.
- 1818. Walk-in-the-Water, first steamer on Lake Erie, launched.

- 1826. Masonic Lodge organized, Gen. Cass was Grand Master.
- 1835. Statehood. No representation in U. S. government.
- 1836. First railroad, Erie & Kalamazoo, from Toledo, then called Port Lawrence, to Adrian. No railroad in Detroit.
- 1837. United States recognizes Michigan as a state, legalizes its government for over a year without representation at Washington. University of Michigan started.
- 1844. Odd Fellows organized.
- 1845. Ontonagon's six tons of copper specimen sent to Smithsonian Institute.
- 1848. First telegraph.
- 1861-64. One-eighth of the population of Michigan in Civil War. In critical times the order would come "Put none but Michigan men on guard."
- 1864. Knights of Pythias born in Michigan.
- 1875. Farmer's Institutes first started in U. S. by Michigan Agricultural College.
- 1885. Mining School established at Houghton.
- 1908. First chair of agriculture in U. S. established at M. A. C.

NOTABLE FACTS.

The only state a republic and a kingdom at the same time. King Strang.

The only state and territory at the same time.

Oldest agricultural college in U. S.

First home for orphans at Coldwater.

First rank in sanitary health work.

Second to send out traveling libraries.

School system antedates Massachusetts. First Supt. of Public Instruction in U. S.

First in lumber, 1870—now reforestation.

Second in sugar beet culture, 1910. First in salt.

Tenth in manufactures. First in autos.

Soo canal, world's greatest commercial gateway.

Lake Superior, fresh water ocean. Michigan has 1,600 miles sea coast.

Youngest Governor, Stevens T. Mason, "Boy Governor."

Four newspapers in 1831.

The only bloodless war—Toledo.

Population, 1810, 4,763; 1910, 2,810,172.

DETROIT.

- 1620. Known as Indian village Teuschie Grondie.
- 1701. Founded by Cadillac. Oldest organized city and first church in the west.
- 1741. Used French carts. Whipping posts.
- 1760. Ceded by French to British.
- 1763. Pontiac's conspiracy.
- 1783. By treaty of Paris given to U. S.
- 1796. Relinquished by British. Changed flags five times, under three sovereigns, twice besieged by Indians, captured once, burned once. Fox war.
- 1805. Territorial capital. Burned June 11.
- 1809. First printing press. First newspaper, Father Richard, editor.

- 1810. Census taken by two men ; population 810 ; 1910, ninth city, population 465,766.
- 1812. Surrendered to British Aug. 16, 1812.
- 1813. Recovered Sept 29, 1813.
- 1817. University founded, John Montieth president, preached first sermon in English and held seven professorships at a salary of twelve dollars. Father Richard held six professorships with a salary of \$18.75.
- 1819. Population 1,415 besides fort.

The Public Domain Commission and Immigration Commission has issued a valuable publication entitled "Michigan." Material pertaining to state and county history and to the resources of Michigan will be found in it which will assist in the observance of Michigan Day. A copy has been sent to district libraries.

Much interesting history will be found in the volumes published by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

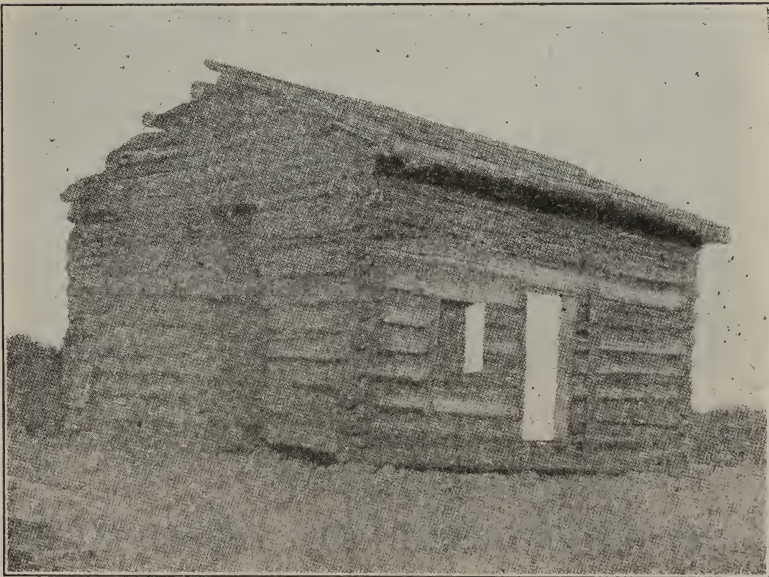
LINCOLN DAY

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

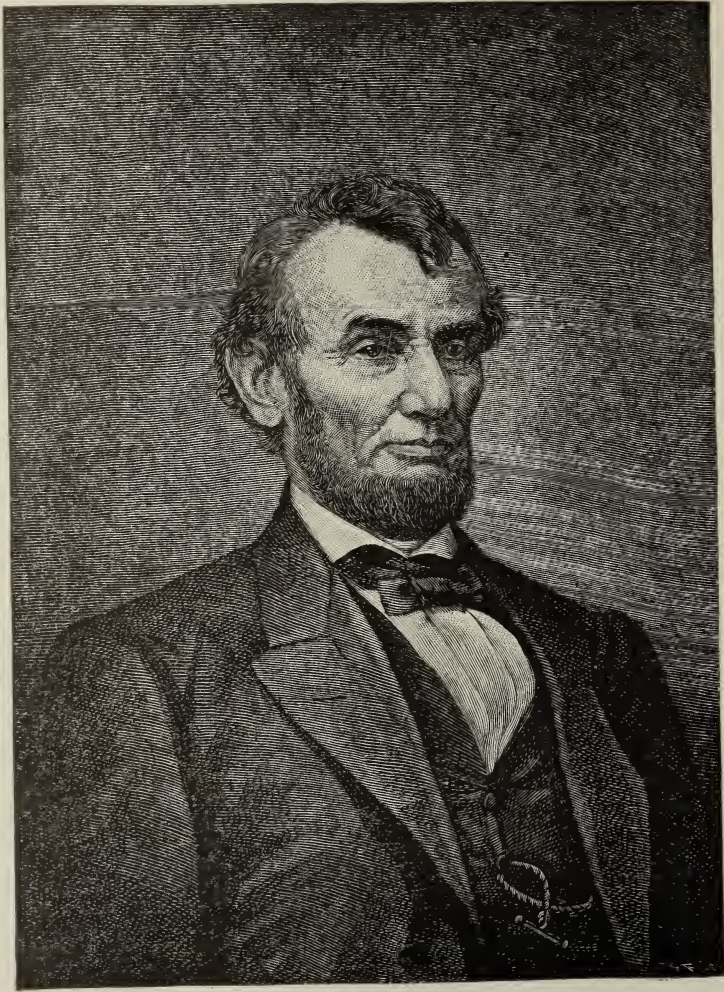
From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared him,
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,
But grandly he met them as only true great souls can.
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—
Thou who did'st suffer agony e'en for the slave,
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher!
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—Paul DeVere.



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

After being carried about the country for exhibition purposes, this cabin was secured and is now owned by the Lincoln Farm Association. When the farm becomes a National Park, this cabin will be prized by the American people above all other interesting objects there, because here began the life which Stanton said "Now belongs to the Ages."



Lincoln.

REVERENCE FOR LAWS

Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

—From an address at Springfield, Ill., Jan. 27, 1837.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes,
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
The kindly, earnest, grave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.
New birth of our new soil—the first American.

—James Russell Lowell.

WORDS OF LINCOLN

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

This country, with all its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

No human counsel has devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out, these great things.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.

This government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare.

It is a different rule, and so much the greater will be the honor if you perform it well.

Never mind if you are a count; you shall be treated with just as much consideration, for all that.

I remember my mother's prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

"I have made it the rule of my life," said the old parson, "not to cross Fox River until I get to it."

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.

I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

Without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them.

If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his points—not how many hairs are in his tail.

I feel that I cannot succeed without the Divine blessing, and on the Almighty Being I place my reliance for support.

LINCOLN

The rectitude and patience of the rocks.
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn.
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea.
 The justice of the rain that loves all leaves.
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars.
 The loving kindness of the wayside well.
 The tolerance and equity of light.

—Edwin Markham.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

A copy of this letter is engraved upon the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a specimen of the purest English and most elegant diction extant. As a model of expressive English it has rarely if ever been surpassed.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON ON LINCOLN

Many a night before the dawn of day I have been awakened to find the figure of my dear mother bending over me as I lay huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, praying that 'Marse Lincoln' might succeed and that some day I might be free. Under these circumstances the name of Lincoln made a great impression upon me, and I never forgot the circumstances under which I first heard it.

LINCOLN'S LAUGHTER

The very phrase is misleading. Did Lincoln laugh? He made others laugh, told perpetual, inimitable stories that neither tears nor anger could resist; but he himself was neither a loud, nor a riotous, nor an inappropriate laugher.

To him laughter was a solvent of the difficulties of life—a gentle, universal balm to soothe the blows and rubs and stings that even the stoutest shoulders must receive from the buffeting of common toil, and above all, from the immense effort to set right the tangled tissues and the unhinged framework of this everlastingly imperfect world in which we live. To Lincoln laughter was not a gesture; it was a point of view.

It was something exquisite and necessary as an antidote to tears. How would the great President have borne his unequaled load of pain if he had not been able to relieve it by the smile that comes from seeing the pettiness of all evil as compared with the goodness of God?

But it was not merely for comic relief that Lincoln made use of laughter. He gave it a richer function. For relaxing tense situations he knew that there is nothing like it. A man cannot knock you down, or even insult you, if you make him laugh. The burly Stanton, the aggressive Chase, the wily Seward went to Cabinet meetings each with a chip on his shoulder. Lincoln told a story, and they laughed, one and all, until the chip fell off. Then he could mould them to his purposes.

The rarity of such humor in statesmen of Lincoln's rank has never been sufficiently noticed. Where was it in Cromwell or Napoleon? Take the long list of great Americans—Jefferson, the Adamses, Jackson, Webster, Sumner; how much more attractive some of them would have been if they had had it! Take even Washington; great as he is, he stands above us and apart from us, on a cold pedestal. But Lincoln we can touch—largely because of his laughter. Only Franklin shared that high quality of humor with him. Emerson speaks of "nestling in Plato's brain." Thank God, we can nestle in Lincoln's heart!—Editorial—Youth's Companion, Feb. 12, 1914.

It is said that once in Washington at the old Baltimore & Ohio railroad station a man was looking for Abraham Lincoln. An attendant pointed the then little "Tad" out to him, saying that the lad ought to be able to say where his father was.

"Tad" said: "No, sir, I can't go and find father for you. He told me to stay right here. But if you'll go out there," pointing to the platform, "and see a man helping somebody—that's him."

IMMORTALITY

One of Lincoln's Favorite Poems.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of those who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread;
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink ;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
They enjoyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

—William Knox.

LINCOLN'S LAST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

(For November 24, 1864.)

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year. Defending us with His guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafing us, in His mercy, many and signal victories over the enemy (who is of our household), it has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps, and our sailors on the rivers and seas, with unusual health.

He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while He has opened to us new resources of wealth, and has crowned the labor of our workmen in every department of industry with abundant reward.

Moreover, He has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage, and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence as a nation to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford to us reason-

able hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions.

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next as a day which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

Done at the City of Washington, this twentieth day of October, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:—

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of a slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

—William Cullen Bryant (1865).

FEBRUARY

Hail! February, glorious name,
Abridged in days but not in fame;
When nature in its sternest forms
Had gripped the land with wintry storms—
When all seemed drear, you gave to earth
Two zealous souls of noble birth;
So double thanks we owe to you
For Washington and Lincoln, too—
May all mankind the days revere
That filled the world with hope and cheer.

Harbor Springs, Michigan.

—John C. Wright.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

LINCOLN

As Seen by Men of Other Countries.

This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and of the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.—Henri Martin, France.

The humblest of the humble before his own conscience; greatest of the great before history.—Emilo Castelar, Spain.

Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions: He has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.—Quoted from an Austrian Deputy by John Hay.

Lincoln—the Honest Man; Abolished slavery, re-established the Union; Saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty.—Inscription on gold medal presented by the French people.

Lincoln, martyr to the broad principle which he represented in power

and struggle, belongs now to history and to posterity. Like Washington, whose idea he continued, his name will be inseparable from the memorable epochs to which he is bound and which he expresses.—Senor Rebello di Silva, Portugal.

Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the slaves is the best known foreign document to the operatives of Lancashire. Many a boy and girl can repeat it off-hand. I remember the government inspector of schools addressing our school of twelve hundred scholars once, and he asked the question: Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England? And a hundred voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln." —James E. Holden, in the Outlook.

SHIP OF STATE

On, sail on, O, Ship of State,
Faring down the sea of Fate;
Weather-beaten by the gales,
Riven masts and tattered sails;
Well we know that pirates bold
Swarm the deck and seek the hold;
Still the flag of Freedom flies
From your halcyons in the skies;
When the clouds are thick and dark,
Cling we stoutly to the bark.

Long you've borne us o'er the seas,
Past the rock of mutinies;
What, if in the swelling tide
Hearts have ached and hopes have died,
When the storms had cleared and gone
Still our ship was sailing on,
Flying from its utmost spars
Freedom's banner bright with stars—
Past the reefs of strife and hate,
On, sail on, O, Ship of State.

Harbor Springs, Michigan.

—John C. Wright.

A peaceful life! * * * They haled him even
As One was haled
Whose open palms were nailed toward Heaven
When prayers nor aught availed.
And, lo, he paid the selfsame price
To lull a nation's awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, his peaceful life.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

LINCOLN

A peaceful life;—just toil and rest—
All his desire;—
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life;—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

Lincoln's first experience in drilling his company in the Black Hawk War—"I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate; so I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

The President telegraphed to General Hooker in 1863 in the following words: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

During a conversation on the approaching election, in 1864, a gentleman remarked to President Lincoln that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

It is told of Lincoln that he called upon General Sickles, who had been brought from the field to Washington, having lost a leg at Gettysburg. After answering questions upon every detail of that great crucial battle, General Sickles asked: "Mr. Lincoln, what did you think of Gettysburg? Were you much concerned about it?"

Lincoln replied, "I thought very little about Gettysburg, and I had no concern about it."

The general expressed great surprise, and said that he had understood

that the capital was in a great panic, and asked why the President was so free from concern.

"Well," replied the simple-minded Lincoln, "I will tell you, if you will not tell anybody about it. Before that battle I went into my room at the White House. I knelt on my knees, and I prayed to God as I had never prayed to Him before, and I told Him if he would stand by us at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him; and He did, and I shall. And when I arose from my knees, I imagined I saw a spirit that told me I need not trouble about Gettysburg."

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he took a flat boat down the Mississippi river to New Orleans.

While there he went to the slave market many times.

He saw old men beaten by their masters. Wives were sold and taken away from their husbands, and mothers sold away from their dear little babies.

Every time he went it made his heart ache.

One day he turned to his friends who were with him and said: "Come away, boys. If I ever get the chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard!" He spoke as a prophet for he did get the chance. He did hit slavery, and he hit it so hard it fell never to rise again.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

"First in war—
First in peace—
First in the hearts of his countrymen."



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON

Faed.

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

A FEW SELECTIONS FROM WASHINGTON'S RULES OF
CIVILITY

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When you see a crime punished you may be inwardly pleased; but always show pity to the suffering offender.

Superfluous compliments and all affectation of ceremony are to be avoided, yet, where due, they are not to be neglected.

Do not express joy before one sick or in pain, for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.

When a man does all he can though it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate Nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor in earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Gaze not at the marks or blemishès of others and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

Nothing but harmony, honest industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great people. First impressions are generally the most lasting. It is therefore absolutely necessary, if you mean to make any figure upon the stage, that you should take the first steps right.

There is a destiny which has the control of our actions not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

I consider storms and victory under the direction of a wise Providence who no doubt directs them for the best purposes, and to bring round the greatest degree of happiness to the greatest number.

—George Washington.

*In the State Archives at Washington is a manuscript which Washington used as a boy, in which he copied about a hundred or more rules of conduct.

Their source has been traced to an old French book on Behavior.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born!

* * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

BALLAD OF BETTY ROSS

Just out of the history, primly she comes,
 With slender pink fingers and deft little thumbs,
 She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss,
 A thimble and scissors, this quaint Betty Ross.

She skillfully sews some long strips, red and white—
 And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright.
 Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,
 She holds up a banner—this quaint Betty Ross.

Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true,
 In bright starry splendor of red, white and blue,
 Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss,
 Shall bring us sweet thoughts of our quaint Betty Ross!
 —Selected.

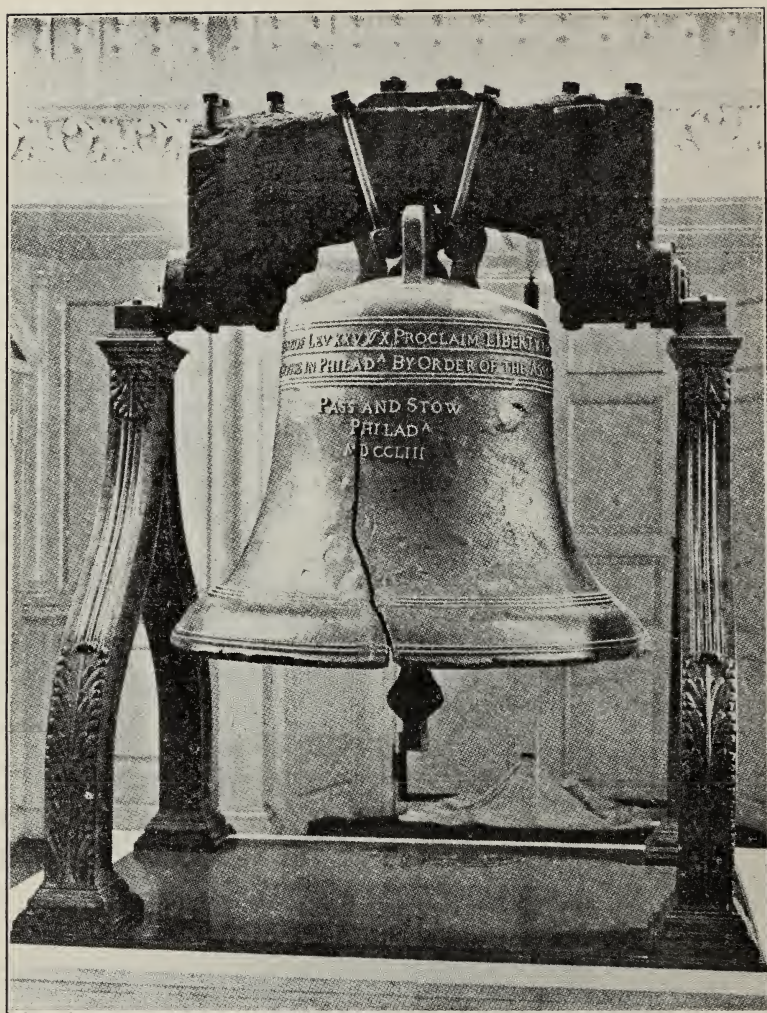
MOUNT VERNON BELLS

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
 Virginia's border through;
 Where the white-sailed ships are going,
 Sailing to the ocean blue;
 Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
 Silent every one:—
 While the solemn bells are ringing
 By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS—Tolling and knelling,
 With a sad sweet sound,
 O'er the waves the tones are swelling,
 By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
 Our country's father slept;
 Long among the angels numbered—
 They the hero soul have kept.
 But the children's children love him
 And his name revere;
 So, where willows wave above him,
 Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.—*Cho.*

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
 And bear the story far,
 How he sleeps beneath the willows,—
 "First in peace and first in war."
 Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
 Till you come again,
 He within the hearts is dwelling
 Of his loving countrymen.—*Cho.*



LIBERTY BELL, PHILADELPHIA.

THE VOICE OF PEACE—INDEPENDENCE BELL.

Though now forever still
Your voice of jubilee,
We hear—we hear, and ever will,
The bell of liberty!
Clear as the voice to them,
In that far night ago,
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,
The voice of Peace peals on!

Stir all your memories up,
 O Independence Bell,
 And pour from your inverted cup
 The song ye love so well!
 As you rang in the dawn
 Of Freedom—toll'd the knell
 Of Tyranny—ring on—ring on—
 O Independence Bell!

Ring numb the wounds of wrong
 Unhealed of brain and breast!
 With music like a slumber-song
 Dull tearful eyes to rest!
 Ring, Independence Bell!
 Ring on till worlds to be
 Shall listen to the tale you tell
 Of Love and Liberty!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people,
 Pacing restless up and down;
 People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild New England shore,
 So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door;
 And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
 "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
 "What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
 "Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
 "Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
 "I am stifling!" "Stifle then!"
 When a Nation's life's at hazard
 We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House
 While all solemnly inside
 Sat the Continental Congress,
 Truth and reason for their guide;

O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet would shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tryant
And his iron sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonations
Breaks his young voice on the air;

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts; "Ring, grandpapa,
Ring, oh, ring for liberty."
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die!

WASHINGTON

Serene and steadfast as the hills.
 The cheer of lighthouse in the night.
 A patriot to the people true.
 The wisdom of the thoughtless bee.
 A strength like air that yields yet holds
 The eloquence of wordless worth.
 A conscience sleepless as the stars.

—Edward A. Horton.

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We usually think of Washington as a serious, grave, rather stern man, but he appeared so because he had so much serious and stern work to do. As a boy, he was much like other boys, full of life and fond of play. One of his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, afterwards famous in our history. When Washington was about nine years old, he wrote this letter to Lee:

“Dear Dickey—I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture-book you gave me, but I mustn't tell who wrote the poetry:

“G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
 And likes his book full well;
 Henceforth will count him his friend,
 And hopes many happy days he may spend.
 “Your good friend,

—“George Washington.

“I am going to get a whip-top soon, and you may see it and whip it.”

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS

In honor of truth and right,
 In honor of courage and might,
 And the will that makes a way,
 In honor of work well done,
 In honor of fame well won,
 In honor of Washington
 Our flag is floating today.

—Youth's Companion.

LEND A HAND

Washington, one day, came across a small band of soldiers working very hard at raising some military works, under command of a pompous little officer, who was issuing his orders in a very peremptory style indeed.

Washington, seeing the very arduous task of the men, dismounted from his horse, lent a helping hand, perspiring freely, till the weight at which they were working was raised.

Then turning to the officer, he inquired why he, too, had not helped, and received the indignant reply, "Don't you know I'm the corporal?" "Ah, well," said Washington, "next time your men are raising so heavy a weight, send for your commander-in-chief," and he rode off, leaving the corporal dumbfounded.

—White's School Management.

THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG

If one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

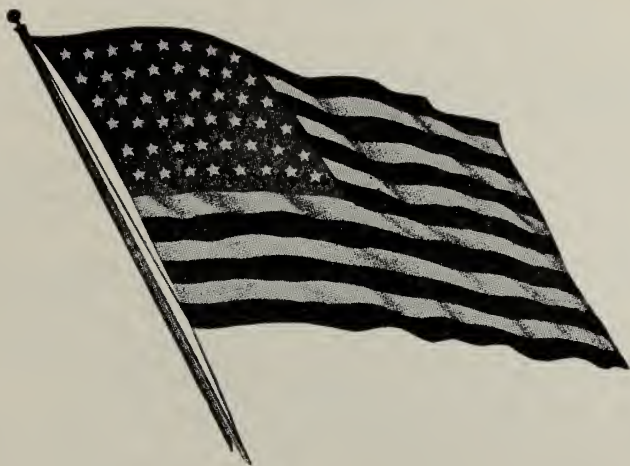
Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from his starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American Flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people, for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

—Henry Ward Beecher.



Every civilized nation symbolizes its governmental ideals. The story of the origin and growth of the Stars and Stripes is the story of American patriotism. Patriotism constitutes the very soul of a republic. The forty-eight stars represent our Union and the stripes symbolize the enduring attributes of this Union.

It should be remembered that Old Glory becomes more and more precious in proportion to the spirit of loyalty cherished by our citizens. We know the awful cost of this flag, we know its protecting influence, we know its message to all the peoples of the earth. Let it be carried in time of war and in time of peace consecrated to the ultimate reign of human justice.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
Governor.

WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENTS

President Washington entertained notions about appointments to office which in these days would be thought quixotic. He accepted the presidency with the purpose not to be "swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from the ties of friendship and blood." There were hundreds of competitors for every office of any importance, among whom were friends, but Washington acted with sole reference to the public good.

A friend and a political opponent applied for the same office, and Washington gave it to the latter. He thus explains the act:

"My friend I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart, but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. My opponent, with all his politics, so hostile to me, *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case. I am not George Washington, but president of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power. As president of the United States, I can do nothing."

—Youth's Companion.

THE FLAG

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

This morning as I passed into the land office the flag dropped on me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "you are mistaken. I am not the president of the United States, nor the vice-president, nor a member of congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

"Yesterday the congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent a financial panic; yesterday, no doubt, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

The came a great shout about the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am.

"The work that we do is the making of the real flag.

"I am not the flag, not at all, I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

"I am strength and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the constitution and the courts, statutes and statumakers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street-sweeper, cook, counselor and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

THE FLAG MY PROTECTOR

Wearied with the travels of the day, I went to the room I had engaged for the night and lay down on the couch by the window. It was at the time when the day was hovering between light and darkness. I watched the cold raindrops beat against the window pane and the gloom of twilight gradually pass into the darkness of the night. I was alone in a foreign land. A feeling of homesickness crept over me. My thoughts wandered home to my wife and children and my friends. Are they safe?

There were rumors of war and in my loneliness I began to reflect. I am thousands of miles away from home. No friends are near. There is no one near who cares for me nor what becomes of me. If I should be in distress, there will be no one to help me. If I should be unjustly imprisoned, there will be no one to rescue me. In the darkness and gloom I felt sick at heart. In despair I again asked, "Have I no friends in this land of strangers?" Suddenly a bright light shone as if from Heaven and a silent voice spoke, "Yes, I am your friend." "Who are you?" I asked. The silent voice again spoke, "I am the flag of your country. You are one of my children and I am with you wherever you go to protect you and shield you from harm."

I was awakened early in the morning by the shouts of men and the clatter of hoofs. The streets were filled with soldiers. War had been declared within the night and martial law had been proclaimed over the entire country. Strangers were not permitted to leave the city. But again the silent voice spoke, "Fear not; I will protect you." The days wore heavily on. When my supply of money was gone, my protector said to me, "Come, follow me." The gates of the city opened to let me pass. Soldiers in uniform, whose business it was to kill, let me go unhurt. When I was hungry, I was fed. When I was thirsty, I was given drink. On and on we went over mountains and hills, over plains and valleys, through forests and fields on our way to the sea. Oh, joy! there is the blue ocean. I see a ship at the shore. Is it friend or is it foe? As I approached I could dimly see a flag and as I came near I recognized the flag of my country, the emblem of my invisible companion. My joy could not be suppressed. "The flag! the flag!" I shouted. "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue! Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

For seven days that noble steamer plowed through the ocean, until the domes and spires loomed up on the Western horizon. Home! What a precious word! My family safe, my property safe and all protected by the same flag.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

DATES OF ADMISSION OF THE STATES TO THE UNION

The new star is by law added to the Flag the following 4th of July.

1 Delaware, Dec. 7, 1787.	25 Arkansas, June 15, 1836.
2 Pennsylvania, Dec. 12, 1787.	26 Michigan, Jan. 26, 1837.
3 New Jersey, Dec. 18, 1787.	27 Florida, March 3, 1845.
4 Georgia, Jan. 2, 1788.	28 Texas, Dec. 29, 1845.
5 Connecticut, Jan. 9, 1788.	29 Iowa, Dec. 28, 1846.
6 Massachusetts, Feb. 6, 1788.	30 Wisconsin, May 29, 1848.
7 Maryland, April 28, 1788.	31 California, Sept. 9, 1850.
8 So. Carolina, May 23, 1788.	32 Minnesota, May 11, 1858.
9 N. Hampshire, June 21, 1788.	33 Oregon, Feb. 14, 1859.
10 Virginia, June 26, 1788.	34 Kansas, Jan. 29, 1861.
11 New York, July 26, 1788.	35 W. Virginia, June 19, 1863.
12 No. Carolina, Nov. 21, 1789.	36 Nevada, Oct. 31, 1864.
13 Rhode Island, May 29, 1790.	37 Nebraska, March 1, 1867.
14 Vermont, March 4, 1791.	38 Colorado, Aug. 1, 1876.
15 Kentucky, June 1, 1792.	39 N. Dakota, Nov. 2, 1889.
16 Tennessee, June 1, 1796.	40 S. Dakota, Nov. 2, 1889.
17 Ohio, Nov. 29, 1802.	41 Montana, Nov. 8, 1889.
18 Louisiana, April 30, 1812.	42 Washington, Nov. 11, 1889.
19 Indiana, Dec. 11, 1816.	43 Idaho, July 3, 1890.
20 Mississippi, Dec. 10, 1817.	44 Wyoming, July 10, 1890.
21 Illinois, Dec. 3, 1818.	45 Utah, Jan. 4, 1896.
22 Alabama, Dec. 14, 1819.	46 Oklahoma, Nov. 16, 1907.
23 Maine, March 15, 1820.	47 New Mexico, Jan. 6, 1912.
24 Missouri, Aug. 10, 1821.	48 Arizona, Feb. 14, 1912.

THE FLAG

A committee appointed by Congress, composed of General Washington, Robert Morris and Col. George Ross, called upon Mrs. Betsey Ross in June, 1776, and asked her to make a flag from a rough drawing which, according to her suggestions, was at once redrawn by General Washington in pencil in her back parlor.

The house where the flag was made is still standing in Philadelphia, Penn.

On Saturday, June 14, 1777, the Congress in Philadelphia "Resolved: That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternating red and white;; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

On April 4, 1818, President Monroe approved the bill enacted by Congress that on the admission of each new state to the Union one additional star should be added to the flag and that the stripes be thirteen as in 1777.

At the time of the War of the Revolution the flag had thirteen stars; in the War of 1812, fifteen; in the Mexican War, twenty-nine; in the Civil War, thirty-five; and in the Spanish-American War, forty-five. The number today is forty-eight.

From May 1, 1795, until July 4, 1818, by act of Congress, the flag contained fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

AMERICA

America! Mine!

Ay, comrades, and thine.

Thy very name ripples with music, and rolls
Like the oceans that surge 'twixt the mystical poles,

Land of great Boone,

Of Marion, Wayne;

Of Hamilton, Jefferson, Washington, Blaine,
Of thousands that lived and died all too soon;
Who beat out broad paths for new feet to tread,
From the time when the first white man met the first red,
Down to Crocket's and Bowie's, they of the band
Who for liberty died by the old Rio Grande!

The Alamo forget not, nor for what that band died,
While reason sits throned in its glorious pride.
And worship our Kearneys, our Grants—and the brave
Who enriched the old earth the old Union to save!

My dear native land!

I lift my right hand,

With my left on my heart, and my eyes to the skies,
And my soul on my tongue,

While I list to the breezes, that, mayhap, have sung
Round the world since the dawn of creation tore the veil of
the long night apart,—

My very heart cries:

To be born in thee, be of thee, breathe thy sweet air,
 To die in thee, rest in thee, under the glare
 Of the sun, and the moon, and the stars and the folds
 Of the stars and bars of thy banner, which holds
 Over all, that which monarchs despise:

Liberty, brotherhood, union and all,

Here on the sod,
 Under night's pall,
 I cry out: Thank God!
 America! Mine!

Ay, any man's—thine!

Thine from the jungle, from Africa's plain;

From the knout, from the chain:

From the land where the mothers of conscripts' tears flow

Like the rain,

When the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone march
 away to fight, wound and be slain;

From the fair land of Austria, Italy, Spain;

From Erin, whose woe

Fills the hearts of republics with horror and pain.

This land of the free is for thee!

Live in it, work in it, love in it, weep in it,

Laugh in it, sing in it, die in it, sleep in it!

For it's free, and for thee, and for me,

The fairest

And rarest

That man ever trod;

The sweetest and dearest

'Twixt the sky and the sod,

And it's mine,

And it's thine,

Thank God!

—John Ernest McCann.

FRANKLIN'S TOAST

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:—

By the British ambassador: "England, the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank "France, the moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity said, "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

SOLDIER BOYS

(To be given by three little boys bearing—one a gun and knapsack, one a flag, and the third a drum. The first two lines may be sung by the school, the boys replying.)

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly your knapsack and gun?

Soldier Boy:

I go where my country my duty is showing,
Bearing so proudly my knapsack and gun.

Color boy, color boy, where are you hieing,
Waving your banner of red, white and blue?

Color Boy:

I go where the flag of the free should be flying,
Waving my banner of red, white and blue.

Drummer boy, drummer boy, where are you speeding,
Rolling so gaily your bold rataplan?

Drummer Boy:

I go where my country my service is needing,
Rolling so gaily my bold rataplan.

When will you come again, soldier boys playing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun?

Boys:

Not while our country our duty is showing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

Day Appointed by the Governor.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Longfellow.

The robin, the forerunner of the Spring,
The bluebird with his jocund caroling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcome this majestic holiday.

—Longfellow.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.

—Alice Carey.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,—
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



APPLE BLOSSOM—STATE FLOWER OF MICHIGAN.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day in its broad significance has far outgrown the thought of its founders. In its beginning it signified little more than the planting of a tree. Today it is closely related to the whole "out-of-door" movement.

There is as real educational value in well-kept grounds as there is in appropriate decorations in the schoolroom. School boys and girls will become stronger and better men and women through the almost unconscious influence of the beautiful in nature.

Arbor Day should be a day of beginnings, which should last through the entire year. If a tree or shrub is planted it must be given care. The setting of the roots in the soil is only the first step. The necessary watering, the placing of guards and the watching against injurious in-

sects and other enemies give opportunity for the exercise of constant, intelligent thought. Without continuing throughout the year the work begun on Arbor Day, the whole effort is lost and the lessons of real worth forgotten.

The question is often asked: "What trees shall we plant?" Select the trees of your own locality. It is a most interesting study to search out the important species in any given section of the state and to note their habits.

In the observance of the day make use of any material at hand from which the best results may be secured. This may relate to the general appearance of the school grounds, ornamental trees, shrubbery, the school garden, the study of agriculture, fruit trees of the locality, the farm wood lot, or even the more general subject of our forests. The vital point is not so much the special subject considered as the relating of the day to the real activities of the life of your community. The work begun on Arbor Day, even though it may be the mere planting of a vine, must be only a beginning. The results must be enduring.

—A. S. Draper,
Ex-Commissioner of Education of New York.

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn',
The morn's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

—Browning.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."
"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

—Longfellow.

They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest. —Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Sweet bird; thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

—John Logan.



THE MEADOWLARK

MEADOWLARK; COMMON LARK; FIELD LARK. Known at a glance by the V-shaped black collar separating the bright yellow throat and breast. Abundant everywhere in open country in the Lower Peninsula and in favorable places in the Upper Peninsula. A welcome arrival from the south in earliest spring and one of the last migrants to go in the fall. Nests on the ground in grassy fields and lives mainly on insects, with a few seeds. One of the most valuable birds on the farm.

From the standpoint of the agriculturist the Meadowlark has few rivals; in fact, we do not know that it has a single bad habit. It feeds almost entirely upon insects, grass seeds and weed seeds, rarely eating grain of any kind and probably never taking sprouting grain or grain from the head or shock. Moreover, the insects consumed are nearly or quite all injurious forms. It eats moths, grasshoppers, crickets, spiders, cut-worms, caterpillars and a variety of other insects, but is partial to the forms which are so constantly present in pastures and meadows, working upon the vegetation in such places that it is impossible for the farmer to destroy them. This bird by no means confines itself to the naked spanworms and other larvae which most other birds eat, but it devours with equal avidity the hairy caterpillars which few birds will touch. It is much to be regretted that the bird is large enough to make an attractive mark for the world-be sportsman and the small boy, for it is followed up relentlessly and shot for food or for sport in spite of the protective law which absolutely forbids its destruction at any time, but which unfortunately is seldom enforced. The meadowlark is not naturally shy or suspicious and wherever it is rigidly protected for a few seasons it becomes familiar and even confiding, nesting readily in close proximity to travelled roads, and even in parks and on lawns wherever it finds itself safe from persecution. Its beautiful plumage, attractive notes, and great economic value commend it alike to all classes and situation and it should be most rigidly protected and encouraged.

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

"The best verses I have produced are the trees I have planted."

—Holmes.



MEADOWLARK
(*Sturnella magna*).

Crocus heard a tapping, tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping,
 And she raised her head to see
 Who her visitor might be.
 Robin stood there singing, singing,
 Of the joys the hours were bringing.
 Crocus called to him "Good day,"
 Said she hoped he'd come to stay.
 Overhead a drumming, drumming,
 Said that spring was surely coming,
 So Crocus cried, "Come, birdies, for
 You'll find me waiting by my door."

—Primary Teacher.

If thou art worn and hard beset,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—"Sunrise on the Hill.—Longfellow.

In freedom's air we plant the tree,
 Our land of hope, America;
 Beneath the blue sky, freedom's dome,
 Within the green earth, freedom's home,
 We plant the tree for years to come,
 And pray, God bless America.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

DOWNY WOODPECKER

Downy came and dwelt with me,
 Taught me hermit lore;
 Drilled his cell in oaken tree
 Near my cabin door.

Architect of his own home
 In the forest dim,
 Carving its inverted dome
 In a dozy limb.

Carved it deep and shaped it true
 With his little bill;
 Took no thought about the view,
 Whether dale or hill.

—From "The Downy Woodpecker,"
 by John Burroughs.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN

The little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
 And a foot of very diminutive size;
 Her tail is as trim as the sail of a ship;
 She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip;
 And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a pen,
 To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

—Clinton Holland.

MEADOWLARK

"The cheerless remnant of the snow-drift lies
 Along the fields, and there are wintry skies,
 Whose chilling blasts assail thee, Meadowlark,
 I know not how you find subsistence here,
 Among the withered herbs of Yester-year;
 I grieve for your uncertain days—but hark!
 I hear your brave notes calling loud and clear."

SUBJECTS FOR ARBOR DAY CONSIDERATION

Famous trees.
 Legends about trees.
 History of Arbor Day.
 How to make Arbor Day most useful.
 Improvement of school grounds.
 How to plant trees.
 The best trees to plant.
 The best trees and shrubs for home lawns.
 The most useful trees.
 Varieties of trees on Michigan farms and in forests.
 How to care for trees.
 The world's greatest forests.
 Historic trees.
 The relation of trees to birds.
 Why we should encourage tree planting.
 Birds as insect destroyers.
 How to make a bird home.
 Nesting boxes.
 Bird legends.
 Flower legends.
 The wild flowers of our districts.

"While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful idyllic landscapes, my free country-life—and while I possess so much, I shall own 100,000 shares in the Bank of Contentment."

—Buskin.

STATE FLOWERS

The following are "State Flowers," as adopted in most instances by the vote of the public school pupils of the respective states:

Alabama—Golden Rod.
Arkansas—Apple Blossom.
California—*Eschscholtzia.
Colorado—Columbine.
Delaware—Peach Blossom.
Idaho—Syringa.
Illinois—Rose.
Indiana—Corn.
Iowa—Wild Rose.
Kansas—*Sunflower.
Kentucky—Golden Rod.
Louisiana—Magnolia.
Maine—Pine Cone and Tassel
Maryland—Golden Rod.
Michigan—Apple Blossom.
Minnesota—Moccasin.
Mississippi—Magnolia.
Missouri—Golden Rod.
Montana—Bitter Root.
Nebraska—Golden Rod.
New York—Rose.
North Dakota—Wild Rose.
Ohio—Scarlet Carnation.
Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
Oregon—Oregon Grape.
Pennsylvania—Golden Rod.
Rhode Island—Violet.
South Dakota—Pasque.
Texas—Blue Bonnet.
Utah—Sego Lily.
Vermont—Red Clover.
Washington—Rhododendron.
West Virginia—Rhododendron.
Wisconsin—Violet.

*Adopted by state legislature, not by public school pupils.

In other states the pupils or state legislatures have not yet taken action.

In England the primrose is worn on the birthday of Lord Beaconsfield. On the anniversary of Parnell's death his followers wear a sprig of ivy. The Jacobites wear white roses on June 10. In France the Orleanists wear white daises and the Bonapartists the violet.



MIGRANT SHRIKE—From photograph of mounted specimen.

Courtesy of Prof. W. B. Barrows, M. A. C.

MIGRANT SHRIKE; BUTCHER-BIRD; SUMMER BUTCHER-BIRD. In driving along country roads in summer one often sees sitting on a fence or telephone wire a gray bird rather smaller than a robin, with dark wings and tail showing clean white patches. As it flies from post to post, or crosses the field from fence to fence it flies with deep scallops or undulations, like a woodpecker, and the white wings and tail spots are very evident. This is the Migrant Shrike, and a close inspection would show a sharply hooked bill, like a hawk's, but feet and claws more like those of a sparrow or blackbird. It belongs to the famous family of shrikes or butcher birds, notorious for their habit of hanging up surplus food on thorns or twigs, so that a butcher-bird's "larder" often contains mice, small birds, lizards, grasshoppers and other insects, all neatly impaled on the thorns or the barbs of the wire fence. The Migrant Shrike seldom or never kills small birds, but destroys many large insects and some mice. The nest, made of grass, wool, feathers and various soft materials, is placed almost always in a hawthorne or a wild crab where the spiny tips serve the double purpose of protec-

tion from enemies and convenience in hanging its prey. This species comes to us from the south late in March and leaves us again in October, while its larger and more blood-thirsty relative, the Northern Shrike—a much rarer bird—comes to us from the north in late autumn and retires northward again in spring, nesting far beyond our borders.

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

SUMMER IS NIGH

How do I know?
 Why, this very day
 A robin sat
 On a tilting spray,
 And merrily sang
 A song of May.
 Jack Frost has fled
 From the rippling brook,
 And a trout peeped out
 From his shady nook.
 A butterfly, too,
 Flew lazily by,
 And the willow catkins
 Shook from on high
 Their yellow dust
 As I passed by;
 And so I know
 That Summer is nigh.

SPRING

I come, I come! Ye have called me long!
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song.
 Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass!

—Mrs. Hemans.

"Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
 A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;
 A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
 Alluring up and enticing down
 From rippled water to dappled swamp,
 From purple glory to scarlet pomp."

"I can think of no more pleasant way of being remembered than by planting of a tree. Birds will rest in it and fly hence with messages of good cheer. It will be growing while we are sleeping, and will survive us to make others happier."

—Lowell.

TWO SCHOOLS

I put my heart to school
 In the world, where men grow wise.
 "Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
 Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again.
 "Now where is the prize?" I cried,
 "The rule was false and the prize was pain,
 And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
 In the woods where the veeries sing,
 And the brooks run cool and clear;
 In the fields, where wild flowers spring,
 And the blue of heaven bends near.
 "Go out," I said, "you are half a fool,
 And perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
 My heart, and where do you roam?"
 The answer came with a laugh and a song,—
 "I find this school is home."

—Henry van Dyke.

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies:—
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

NUTHATCH

The busy nuthatch climbs his tree,
 Around the great bole spirally,
 Peeping into wrinkles gray
 Under ruffed lichens gay,
 Lazily piping one sharp note
 From his silver mailed throat.

—From "In the Haunts of Bass and Bream,"
 by Maurice Thompson.

In France two-thirds of the entire length of roads are bordered with trees.

In Germany many thousands of miles of roads are shaded by trees, partly forest trees, partly fruit trees.



VIEW OF PRESQUE ISLE

Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER

Do you know a little bird
That in mourning shades is dressed—
Black and white upon his wings,
Black and white upon his head;
Underneath a bib of white
On his pretty throat and breast;
While above, upon his nape,
Gleams a shining bow of red?

THE PURPOSE OF ARBOR DAY

To avert treelessness; to improve the climatic conditions; for the sanitation and embellishment of home environments; for the love of the beautiful and useful combined in the music and majesty of a tree, as fancy and truth unite in an epic poem, Arbor Day was created. It has grown with the vigor and beneficence of a grand truth, or a great tree.

—J. Sterling Morton.

I'D LIKE TO GO

"It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound
And I'd have stillness all around—

"Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tingled tones.

"Or maybe the cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

"If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

"Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue—
And, say, now, how does it seem to you?"

—Selected, Attributed to Eugene Field.

TWO HOME COMERS

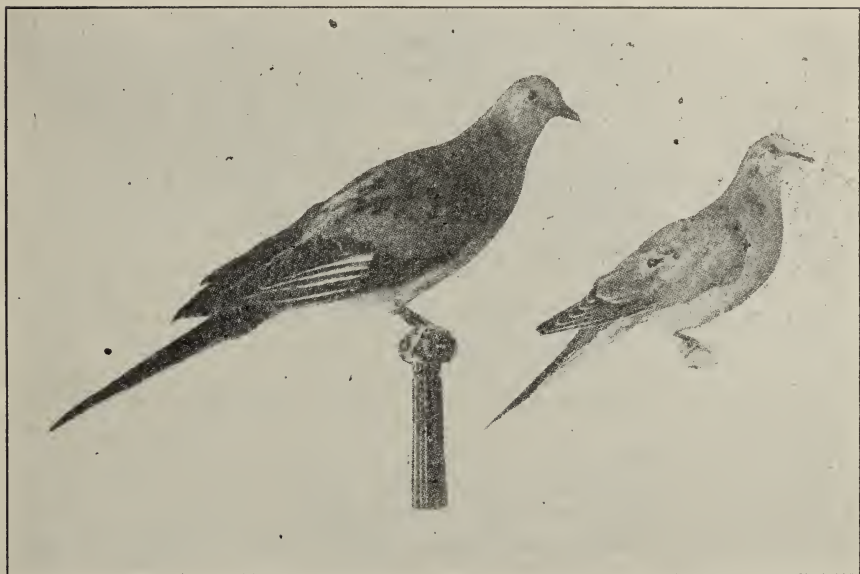
Two wanderers traveled without the wall
Far up the wonderful Alpine slope;
The one was answering Fashion's call,
The other aflame with an unfilled hope.

And when again the two came back,
Their whole connection came running to meet them.
Of question on question there was no lack;
"Tell, what have you seen?" is the way all greet them.

The one simply yawned and lazily said:
"Tell what I have seen?" "Oh, nothing rare!
"Oh, trees, and meadows and brooks; o'erhead
The sky and the bright sun shining there."

By his smiling mate were the same words said,
But with glowing cheek and eager air:
"Oh, trees, and meadows and brooks; o'erhead
The sky and the bright sun shining there."

—A. Gruen.



PASSENGER PIGEON AND MOURNING DOVE

Photographed from museum specimens, placed at exactly the same distance from the camera.

Courtesy of Prof. W. B. Bartows, M. A. C.

THE ROBIN'S NEST

How do the robins build their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

First a wisp of yellow hay

In a pretty round they lay;

Then some threads of flax or floss,

Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,

This way, that way, and across:

That's what Robin told me.

Where do robins hide their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

Up among the leaves so deep,

Where the sunbeams rarely creep.

Long before the winds are cold,

Long before the leaves are gold,

Bright-eyed stars will peep and see

Baby robins—one, two, three:

That's what Robin told me.

—George Cooper.

THE LITTLE PLANT

In my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
Shines upon it often;
Little raindrops, pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping.
Up it lifts its head
Through the brown earth peeping.

Higher and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

—Emilie Poulsson.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSPLANTING TREES, SHRUBS OR
SMALL PLANTS

PROF. MYRON A. COBB, C. M. N. S.

1. Keep the roots covered so they will not become dry; it is a good plan to soak the roots before planting.
2. Have the soil plowed or spaded deeply and well pulverized.
3. Make the hole large enough to contain the roots and *pack good soil firmly about the roots*. Do not use manure or too much water. Place the plant a little deeper than it was before.
4. Leave and keep the surface loose, or covered with straw so as to hold the water.
5. *Prune the top in proportion to the roots removed in transplanting*. At least one-half and often three-fourths of the top should be removed. In transplanting geraniums, strawberries, cabbage or tomatoes, the leaves may be removed, and in shrubbery and trees some of the branches may be removed and the remaining ones trimmed back, leaving the branches properly spaced so as to form the main branches of the tree. In transplanting, the fine roots are injured and the plant cannot absorb the water and "plant food" necessary, thus making it advisable to prune the top as directed. If one be careful in transplanting and only slightly injure the roots the top will not need much pruning. Trees, shrubs, etc., transported from a distance will always need considerable pruning.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

Within the recollection of many persons still living Passenger Pigeons, or "Common Wild Pigeons" as they were called, swarmed over the fields and forests of Michigan in such numbers as to constitute a veritable pest. They sometimes appeared in flocks of millions, filling the air in clouds which even darkened the sun. They consumed immense quantities of grain, and their appearance at seeding time brought dismay to the thrifty farmer, since he had no way of protecting his fields from the invading hosts. Their nesting grounds were often miles in extent, almost every tree bearing ten to fifty nests which were merely slight platforms of twigs on which the single egg was laid.

The old birds were shot, trapped or netted either near their nests or on their feeding grounds, and the slaughter at one of these large "nestings" was indescribably barbarous. But the adult pigeon had a market value, either dead or alive, and the squabs when nearly full grown were in special demand, and were salted and sold by the barrel, whole carloads, or even trainloads, being shipped daily from some of the larger nestings. The supply of pigeons seemed inexhaustible. No amount of slaughter or persecution appeared to affect the total number, and although they changed their nesting grounds every year or two, these were so large, and the birds going back and forth to them covered so broad a territory, that each new nesting was soon discovered and the butchering was renewed. At first the game laws ignored them; then when protective laws were enacted they were feebly enforced if at all, and when at last it became apparent that the species was doomed to extinction unless the most rigid protection was afforded, the efforts put forth were unavailing and the last remnants of the magnificent flocks were speedily annihilated.

In Michigan the end came nearly twenty years ago. In 1890 Passenger Pigeons were already rare; in 1895 they were practically extinct, and the last specimen known to have been taken anywhere in the United States was killed near Delray, Wayne County, Michigan, September 14, 1898. Since that date there have been numerous reports of the occurrence of this species in various parts of the country, but in no single instance has such a report proved to be well-founded. Usually the reports were based on the common Mourning Dove or Carolina Dove, but those from Arizona, New Mexico, and California all refer to the Bandtailed Pigeon, a fine large wild Pigeon which occurs in flocks, but is entirely distinct from the Passenger Pigeon.

It is hard to account for the persistence of these reports among Michigan sportsmen and farmers. Every little while someone asserts most positively that the Wild Pigeon not only is not extinct but that it is still to be found in some numbers in his own vicinity. Scores of such claims have been investigated and in almost every case it transpires that the bird actually seen is the Mourning Dove, but that the discoverer either had never heard that there was such a bird, or had no idea that the two species were so much alike. As a matter of fact not one gunner in a thousand could tell the two birds apart at a distance of thirty yards except for their size, and when either species is seen by

itself there is no standard of comparison and the estimate of size is little more than a guess.

Old pigeon netters are almost as likely to be mistaken as anyone else, for most of them have never seen a Mourning Dove to know it, since this bird prefers the open, cleared sections of the state and was almost unknown in Northern Michigan up to a few decades ago. Color, in these two species goes for little or nothing, the variations with age, sex and season giving us specimens of either species which are almost exact duplicates of the other. One single mark, a small black spot on each side of the neck, is characteristic of the adult Mourning Dove, never found in any specimen of the Wild Pigeon. But many young Mourning Doves, even when well able to fly, do not show this spot, and *any* adult Mourning Dove can completely hide the spot at will, or perhaps must do so whenever it turns the head toward the observer.

Several years ago a number of scientists and bird lovers got together and offered large rewards for the discovery of a single occupied nest of the Passenger Pigeon. These rewards at one time aggregated nearly two thousand dollars and naturally stimulated much interest and a very thorough search for the bird, but after hundreds of claims had been investigated with the uniform result of disappointment on both sides, the scientists became satisfied that there was absolutely no hope of finding a living example of the Pigeon and all the rewards were withdrawn.

The history of this beautiful bird is a sad commentary on the intelligence of civilized man. Apparently without a thought for the future, actuated mainly by the lust of gain—though in part perhaps by the innate love of killing—these beautiful birds were relentlessly pursued at all seasons of the year, but particularly at the nesting season, until in a comparatively short time the entire race was destroyed, so that not a living representative remains today, with the possible exception of a single aged bird which at last accounts was a lonesome captive in the zoological garden at Cincinnati.

Let us take the utmost care that this mournful history is not repeated in the case of scores of other beautiful species which already are becoming rare.

WALTER B. BARROWS.

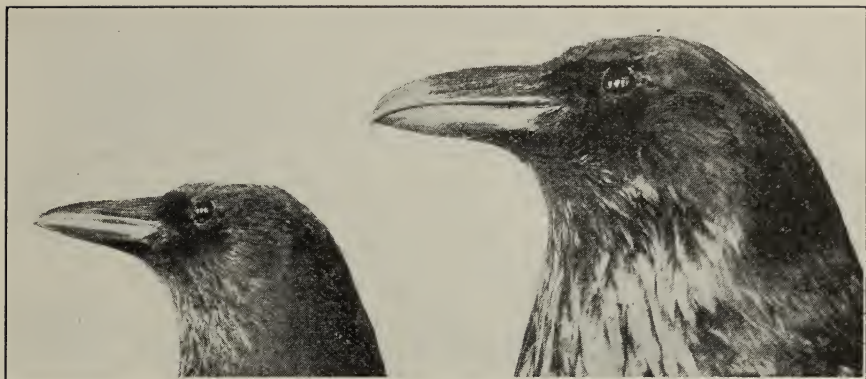
East Lansing, Mich., March 12, 1914.

"Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be."

—Lucy Larcom.

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing water, the patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine, the fragrance of blossoming things,
Oh, you are an April poem, that God has dowered with wings.

—E. E. Rexford.



HEADS OF CROW AND RAVEN (at right) to show relative size.

Photographed from mounted specimen.

Courtesy of Prof. W. B. Barrows, M. A. C.

CROW. Too well known to need description, its large size, uniformly black plumage and hoarse notes, "caw, caw, caw," rendering it unmistakable. Volumes have been written on its habits, yet agriculturists are still divided as to its economic value. It does immense damage through the destruction of poultry and the eggs and young of wild birds, as well as by pulling sprouting corn and other grains, eating corn "in the milk" and attacking many cultivated fruits. It also sows broadcast the seeds of poison ivy and poison sumac. On the other hand it may do some good through the consumption of carrion and it certainly confers some benefit in the destruction of insects. Careful investigation, however, shows that its value as an insect eater has been much overestimated. It is not particular whether the insects are alive or dead and, moreover, shows a decided preference for large and comparatively harmless insects avoiding most of the common and destructive species which infest the field, garden and orchard. Probably its best work is the consumption of grasshoppers and May-beetles. It eats very few cutworms or other caterpillars. In short the sum total of the Crow's good deeds is by no means large and is far outweighed by the harm done.

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

OWL

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight;
The owl hath his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord of the dark greenwood!

From the Owl
by Bryan Waller Proctor.

AUDUBON OUTLINE

Believing that a knowledge of Nature is essential to the making of a real man or a real woman, that no life is complete or truly happy without a kinship to the outdoor world and believing most of all that one of the surest ways to prevent cruelty and crime among children is to teach them to know, appreciate and love their neighbors, the animals and birds, I wish to offer to the busy teachers of Michigan the following simple outline of bird study, hoping that they may find it helpful in enabling them to do the humane teaching as required by the Scott Humane Law.

The list of birds to be studied includes the ones most common in all parts of the state and most useful to mankind. The tame pigeon or dove is included that the children may in studying it form some idea about the useful and interesting carrier pigeon and the now extinct passenger pigeon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

1. To be sure that children are correct in their impressions have them name and describe the birds they think they already know.

2. Have good pictures in natural colors of birds to be studied and keep them before the children until they know them all well. Always study the live bird if possible and as much as possible.

3. Have pupils learn to tell comparative size, color, markings, call note and song, flight and nest of each bird; also which ones are permanent residents, which ones are transients and which ones are visitants.

4. Children should notice particularly the bird's feet and bill, since the bill is so especially characteristic that it is always a clew to the bird's family.

5. It is well to study most carefully the economic relation of the birds to the community all the year round and observe how wonderfully each species is equipped with the right sort of tools to secure its particular kind of food; thus the woodpecker has a chisel-like bill with which to cut into the bark and get at the insects and worms that are damaging the trees; the grosbeak has a strong, heavy beak with which to crack hard seeds and tough shelled beetles and the swallow has powerful wings so that he may be constantly flying about clearing the air of mosquitoes and other insect pests.

6. Study nesting habits, protective coloring, plumage of young birds, game laws, bird-migration and bird-reservations.

7. Encourage pupils to do some constructive work each month in the way of providing food, water, shelter and nesting boxes and materials both at home and in school.

8. Urge children to watch cats and other bird-enemies and keep a record of the birds they actually see cats catch. The best thing possible is for children to regard themselves as the guardians and protectors of helpless creatures.

HOW TO STUDY LIVE BIRDS

1. The best time is in the early morning or late afternoon as most birds, except during winter or when they must work to feed the young, rest during the middle of the day.

2. To get the best light, keep the sun behind you as much as possible so as to have the light on the bird and out of your eyes. Get on a level with or a little above the bird you are watching as you cannot get its right color or correct markings when it is high above you on the tree top or in the air.

3. When bird hunting wear dull colored, inconspicuous clothes and learn to move slowly and quietly as sudden motions startle the birds more than anything else.

4. In trying to get near a bird when it is singing, move slowly toward it while it is singing, stop when it ceases to sing, then move forward when it begins again. In this way you can often get quite near without being observed.

BIRD LIST FOR PRIMARY GRADES

In this list the birds are marked according to their size compared with the English sparrow and the robin. +R, means larger than the robin. =R, means about the same as the robin. -R, means smaller than the robin. -S, means smaller than the English sparrow. =S, means about the same as the English sparrow. +S, means a little larger than the English sparrow.

Sept.	Bronzed Grackle +R	Night Hawk =R
Oct.	Red-headed Woodpecker =R	Bob White =R
Nov.	Blue Jay +R	Marsh Hawk +R
Dec.	English Sparrow =S	White-breasted Nuthatch -S
Jan.	Chickadee -S	Downy Woodpecker -R
Feb.	Pigeon +R	Screech Owl =R
Mar.	Crow +R	Red-winged Blackbird =R
Apr.	Robin =R	Chipping Sparrow -S
May	Bluebird +S	Meadowlark +R
June	Baltimore Oriole +S	Barn Swallow +S
Vacation	Catbird =R	Kingbird +S

GRAMMAR GRADES

Sept.	Goldfinch -S	Phoebe +S
Oct.	Flicker +R	Herring Gull +R
Nov.	Junco =S	Tree Sparrow =S
Dec.	Barn Owl +R	Ruffed Grouse +R
Jan.	Snow Bunting +S	Brown Creeper -S
Feb.	Golden-crowned Kinglet -S	Horned Lark -R
Mar.	Killdeer =R	Kingfisher +R
Apr.	Towhee =R	Mourning Dove +R
May	Song Sparrow =S	House Wren -S
June.	Rose-breasted Grosbeak -R	Bobolink +S
Vacation	Yellow Warbler -S	Scarlet Tanager +S

PRIMARY GRADES

Bronzed Grackle	S. V.	Night Hawk	S. V.
Red-headed Woodpecker	?	Bob White	P. R.
Blue Jay	?	Marsh Hawk	S. V.
English Sparrow	P. R.	White-breasted Nuthatch	P. R.
Chickadee		Downy Woodpecker	P. R.
Pigeon	P. R.	Screech Owl	P. R.
Crow	?	Red-winged Blackbird	S. V.
Robin	S. V.	Chipping Sparrow	S. V.
Bluebird	S. V.	Meadowlark	S. V.
Baltimore Oriole	S. V.	Barn Swallow	S. V.
Catbird	S. V.	Kingbird	S. V.

GRAMMAR GRADES

Goldfinch	?	Phoebe	S. V.
Flicker	S. V.	Herring Gull	P. R.
Junco	W. V.	Tree Sparrow	W. V.
Barn Owl	P. R.	Ruffed Grouse	P. R.
Snow Bunting	W. V.	Brown Creeper	P. R.
Golden-crowned Kinglet	?	Horned Lark	W. V.
Killdeer	S. V.	Kingfisher	S. V.
Towhee	S. V.	Mourning Dove	S. V.
Song Sparrow	?	House Wren	S. V.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak	S. V.	Bobolink	S. V.
Yellow Warbler	S. V.	Scarlet Tanager	S. V.

GROUPS ACCORDING TO COLOR

(1) Blue or Bluish Birds—Bluebird, blue jay, barn swallow, kingfisher.

(2) Red or with Red or Orange Markings—Baltimore oriole, downy woodpecker, red-winged blackbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, red-headed woodpecker, scarlet tanager.

(3) Yellow or with Yellow Markings—Flicker, goldfinch, meadowlark, yellow warbler.

(4) Black or Black and White—Bobolink, bronzed grackle, crow.

(5) Gray—Catbird, chickadee, herring gull, junco, kingbird, mourning dove, white-breasted nuthatch.

(6) Brown—Bobwhite, brown creeper, barn owl, English sparrow, house wren, horned lark, killdeer, marsh hawk, nighthawk, ruffed grouse (partridge), phoebe, song sparrow, snow bunting, towhee, tree sparrow.

Besides learning the birds of the month, have the pupils carry out the following practical suggestions:

September—Watch for flocks of fall transients that may stay with you a day or two on their way to the south. Collect and study insects and weed-seeds which birds eat.

October—Notice how the wild creatures are all getting ready for cold weather and what birds still remain with you.

November—Put up winter shelters, establish feeding stations and begin to feed the birds so that when cold stormy weather comes they will know right where to find food and shelter.

December—Take a Christmas Day census of all birds seen in your locality and send to local newspaper. Give the birds a Christmas dinner by nailing beef bones on the trees and scattering wheat, rye, buckwheat, cracked corn or the sweepings from the barn or granary in the yard or nearby field. When you are through with your Christmas tree tie fresh pork rinds, crusts, apple cores, and most anything that is edible on it; make crocheted bags of twine, fill with chopped suet and cracked nuts and hang on the tree and put it out for the birds. This is certainly better than burning it or simply throwing it out-doors.

January—Put out warm water as well as food each day for the birds. When snow comes study the tracks you see and learn to tell the foot marks of bob white, the squirrel and the rabbits, at least.

February—Keep plenty of suet on feeding tree or shelf, as the brave little chickadees and other winter birds need plenty of fuel to help them withstand February's zero weather.

March—This month of sudden changes and storms is a hard one on the birds, especially when the bushes and weeds are incased in ice after sleet storms. Feed the birds.

April—Get nesting boxes cleaned and placed and establish a drinking and bathing place for the birds. Of course, flowing water is the best, but any pan or basin in which you can keep fresh water will do and be much appreciated. When planting the garden put in as many sunflower seeds as you can, since most birds are fond of them. Begin to watch your cat and see him watch the birds.

May—The high-tide of spring navigation comes this month and as much time as possible should be spent out-of-doors watching for new birds. As most migratory birds travel at night, the early morning is the time we usually see and hear the new arrivals. The cat needs watching, too.

June—This is the time to study nesting habits and help in the nest building by putting out string, ribbons, bits of cloth, thread, straw, cotton batting, wool, excelsior, hair or anything else you may have seen woven into birds' nests. Guard the young birds from the cats. A small bell hung around the cat's neck is a good warning for the birds.

Vacation—Keep the bathing dish supplied with fresh cool water. Note the bathing habits of the birds. Note which birds nest more than once. Notice what worms and insects you see the birds feeding to the young. Time some pair for an hour and see how many trips they make to the nest in that time with food. Watch the cats and keep them away from the nests. Keep a record and have some interesting facts to report when school begins in September.

MATERIALS FOR STUDY

There are many excellent bulletins about birds published by the government which may be had for the asking, as most of them are free. Send to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmer's Bulletins No. 13, 44, 54, 99, 456, 497, 506 and 609. No. 86 (Poisonous Plants). Send to the State Game Warden, Lansing, Michigan, for the

Game Laws of 1913. Write to Department of Biological Survey for bulletins: The Food of Nesting Birds, Does It Pay the Farmer to Protect Birds, Hawks and Owls from the Standpoint of the Farmer, Bird Migration by Willis Cooke, Birds as Weed Destroyers, Bird Reservations, No. 87, Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard. Send to Experiment Station, Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing, Michigan, for Seeds of Michigan Weeds; to the Botanical Department, Michigan Agricultural College, for Michigan Weeds.

Two Little Savages, by Ernest Seton Thompson, to study tracks from.

The best bird magazine for schools is Bird Lore, published at Harrisburg, Pa. The best all around nature magazine is the Guide to Nature, published at Sound Beach, Conn.

In the Arbor and Bird Day Bulletin for 1914 you will find a list of excellent bird books. If you haven't the bulletin, write to us and we will furnish you the list.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City, will furnish you leaflets on the birds in the list to be studied. Each leaflet includes excellent descriptive matter, a beautiful picture in natural colors and a bird outline to be colored by the children. Send to the Association for price list and samples.

GROUPING BIRDS

Have children divide the birds into groups: (1) According to size, (2) According to residence, (3) According to color, (4) According to use.

Groups according to residence: (1) Permanent residents, P. R. (2) Spring and fall transients, T. (3) Summer visitants, S. V. (4) Winter visitants, W. V. (5) Birds that vary in their habits somewhat and so are not always migrants, ?

BIRD HOUSES

As we desire to make our work as constructive as possible we always urge the children to make their own bird houses, shelters and feeding devices; but that they may know what beautiful things are being made by men who are in the business to make money as well as to help the birds, send to Joseph H. Dodson, 701 Security Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, for his Bird House Catalog and his Cat Book; to the Jacobs Bird House Co., Waynesbury, Pa.; to Louis Keurtz, Loveland, Ohio; to Chas. E. White, Kenilworth, Illinois, Box 45, to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 609, Bird Houses and How to Build Them.

The most important things to remember in building bird houses are to have the doorway for the house wren never larger than a silver quarter and to make all doorways above the center so as to leave plenty of room for nesting materials and also to protect from storms.

Edith C. Munger,
President Michigan Audubon Society.

THE NORTH STORY OF HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

Long ago, in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

An old man and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out all the people would freeze and the white bear would have the north land all to himself.

One day the old man became very ill, so that his son had everything to do. For many days and nights the boy bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning. At last he got so tired and sleepy that he could no longer walk.

Now, the white bear was always watching the fire.

He longed for the time when he should have the northland all to himself.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he stayed close to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor little boy could keep awake no longer and fell fast asleep.

Then the white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet and rolled upon it.

At last he thought it was all out and went happily away to his cave.

But a gray robin had been flying near and had seen what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear had gone away.

Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live spark.

For a long time she patiently fanned this little spark with her wings.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not give up.

After a while a fine, red blaze sprang up. Then she flew away to every hut in the northland.

Everywhere that she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

So that soon instead of one little fire, the whole northland was lighted up.

Now, all that the white bear could do was to go back further into his cave and growl.

For now, indeed, he knew that the northland was not all for him.

And this is the reason why the people in the north country love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.

—Flora Cook's Myths.





BIRDS WHICH ARE HELPFUL TO THE FARMERS

(Taken from the chart of F. L. Washburn State Entomologist and Professor of Entomology, Agricultural Experiment Station, St. Anthony Park, Minn.)

ROSE-BREADED GROSBEAK—Extremely fond of potato beetles, eats hairless caterpillars, Gypsy moth larvae.

BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO—One of the few birds, eating hairy caterpillars, devours the larva of the brown-tailed moth and the spiny elm caterpillar.

HOUSE WREN—Ninety-eight per cent of its food composed of animal matter, insects, etc.; a valuable friend in the garden.

CHIPPING SPARROW—Over twenty-five per cent of its food consists of injurious insects, plant lice, leaf-eating beetles, canker worms, and caterpillars of various sorts.

DOWNY WOODPECKER—Feeds on borers, weevils, caterpillars, ants and plant lice, wooly aphis, apple worm, moths and various insect eggs—a good friend of the fruitgrower and lumberman.

CHICKADEE—Eats eggs of tent caterpillars and canker worms, destroys codling moth and apple worm, Gypsy and brown-tail moths and destroys plant lice and their eggs.

SCREECH OWL—One of the farmers' best friends, since it consumes large quantities of common mice, field mice, caterpillars, beetles, etc.

QUAIL—One of the most useful birds. Eats seeds of weeds and takes but little grain or useful berries, destroys grasshoppers, chinch bugs, army worms, potato beetles, cucumber beetles, May beetles, wire worms, etc. Over one hundred potato beetles found in stomach of one quail.

SCARLET Tanager—Feeds particularly on insects affecting oak trees, destroys Gypsy moth.

SONG SPARROW—Fifty per cent of its food consists of seeds of weeds,

also eats cabbage plant lice, cut worms, leaf hoppers, spittle, insects, grasshoppers.

MARSH HAWK—Eats meadow mice; only occasionally injurious. The same may be said of the large red-shouldered hawk.

APPLESEED JOHN

Many years ago before the great Northwest was settled, and while even a large part of New York and Pennsylvania was still a wilderness, there lived a man who spent a large part of his time in what many people considered a foolish occupation. His name was John Chapman, and, according to tradition, he went through what is now western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana before the forests were cut away and planted orchards for the settlers who, he was sure, would come later. Many stories have been told of this remarkable man. Perhaps the best is Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis's "The Quest of John Chapman."

It is said that he spent his winters in the settlements near the Atlantic coast teaching the children and doing odd jobs about the farm. In those days the teachers "boarded around" in the neighborhood. Therefore John Chapman had no board to pay, and he needed little money. But he did not ask for money. He was content to receive his pay in the seeds of apples, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes. This is why he was called "Appleseed John." The farmers and the children saved their seed for him, and when spring came he filled his boat with seeds and started down the Ohio River. At every suitable landing he took his bag of seeds on his back and trudged through the forest until he found a good open place, and there he planted his seed, built a fence of boughs about them, and started out again.

Thus he traveled on and on through many springs and summers, planting his seeds in the unsettled western countries for those who would later come and make their home in the new country. When the first settlers crossed the mountains and began to clear the forests for homes and farms they found orchards and vineyards awaiting them. Although Appleseed John lived many generations ago, a few trees are still standing which are said to have been planted by him. The story of this man, who in his humble way devoted his life to others, is one that may well be told and retold, for while none of us can repeat the work he did, it may inspire us to make some spot on earth better by planting a few seeds or trees for the enjoyment of the next generation.

—Selected.

CROW

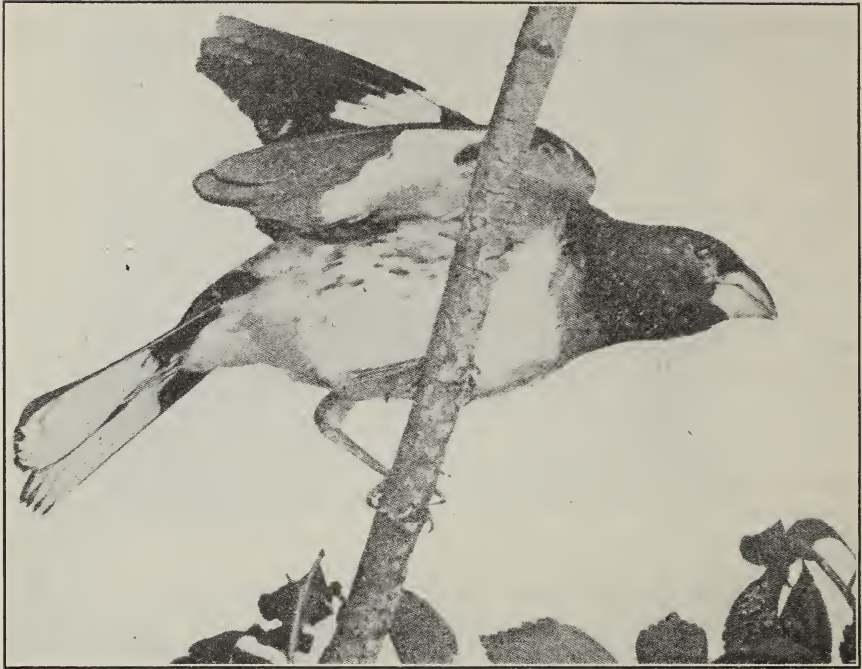
My friend and neighbor through the year,
Self-appointed overseer

Of my crops of fruit and grain,
Of my woods and furrowed plain,

Claim thy tithings right and left,
I shall never call it theft.

From The Crow

by John Burroughs.



ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEEK—Adult male in spring.

Photograph from mounted specimen.

Courtesy of Prof. W. B. Barrows, M. A. C.

ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEEK; SUMMER GROSBEEK; POTATO-BUG BIRD. Male, black, white and rose-red in large masses, the short, thick bill nearly white. Female, brown or gray, heavily streaked with brown, the wings lined with yellow and a distinct whitish stripe over and behind the eye. An abundant summer resident of the entire Lower Peninsula and by no means rare in the Upper Peninsula. It comes from the south about the first of May and returns again in September and October, but at that time none will be found in the colored plumage since even the old males assume a gray plumage similar to that of the female after the nesting season is over. The nest, placed usually in a bush or sapling not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground, is a fragile, basket-like structure made of the slenderest twigs, rootlets and other fibrous material, usually with the bottom so thin and open that the greenish, spotted eggs can be seen through it. The grosbeak is a superb singer, his rich, mellow warble suggesting both the Robin and the Baltimore Oriole, yet far surpassing either. The call-note, common to both sexes, is a single sharp, high-pitched chip which is unlike that of any other bird known to me. It might be written "it" or "hit," but this should be pronounced forcibly, almost explosively, to get the right effect. Though a bud-eater and seed-eater, this bird does almost no harm (it does eat green pease) and the fact that he eats many injurious insects, including the obnoxious potato beetle, certainly should give him the best of standing with farmer and gardener.

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

A MILE WITH ME

O who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's merry way?
 A comrade blithe and full of glee,
 Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
 And let his frolic fancy play,
 Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
 That fill the field and fringe the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—Henry van Dyke.

If we do not have all the robins we want it is because we do not know enough about rearing them or are not willing to act on our knowledge. A pair of living bird's eggs, with proper care by the children of the country, could produce in ten years a pair for every child in the country. With ten years as the life of a robin, allowing that each pair of robins rear ten robins every year, and making no allowance for losses, we shall have:

[illegible]

—From "Nature Study and Life"—Ginn & Co.



JUNCO—Photograph from mounted specimen.

Courtesy of Wm. T. Shaw.

JUNCO; SLATE-COLORED SNOWBIRD; COMMON SNOWBIRD. An abundant migrant throughout the state and a common summer resident of the northern half. The slate-colored plumage, with white belly and outer tail-feathers, serves to identify the male at a glance, and the female is very similar but a little browner. During migration it appears in large but straggling flocks, which haunt the edges of woods, the brushy pastures, and the hedges and fences that border roads and fields.

Its food is mainly small seeds and it does incalculable good by its destruction of the common weed seeds of farm and garden. It lays three to five speckled eggs in a well hidden, neatly built nest on the ground. The ordinary song is a prolonged, clear trill, which in late spring and summer changes to an interrupted warble. Its call-note or alarm-note is a sharp "smack" or "chap."

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

(An exercise for six pupils)

First Pupil—

"To-whit, to-whit, to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole the four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

Second Pupil—

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay
But didn't take your nest away."

Third Pupil—

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make
But the nest I did not take."

Fourth Pupil—

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine."

Fifth Pupil—

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick."

Sixth Pupil—

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

All—

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—L. Maria Child.

PROBLEMS

Problem: Suppose there are fifty apples in a peck; how many might a codling moth spoil if she lays fifty eggs on as many apples, and half of these eggs hatch female moths, and in the second brood, again, each lays fifty eggs on fifty apples?

Answer—26 pecks.

If a downy woodpecker eats one codling moth larva a day from November to April, inclusive, one hundred eighty days, what might be the value of its work to an orchard if apples are fifty cents a bushel?

Answer— \$585.

—Nature Study and Life—Hodge.



VIEW OF PRESQUE ISLE.

* Courtesy of Northern State Normal School.

March! march! march! They are coming
 In troops to the tune of the wind:
 Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
 Gold-crested thrushes behind,
 Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
 Past every gateway and door,
 Finches with crimson caps stopping
 Just where they stopped years before.

—Lucy Larcom.



THE DOWNY WOODPECKER

The Downy Woodpecker is also called the Spotted Woodpecker (known erroneously as Sapsucker). This is our smallest woodpecker and the spotted black-and-white plumage (the male showing a red crescent on the nape) serves to separate it from any other common bird except its larger relative, the Hairy Woodpecker. The Downy is a common resident not only of the deep forest and lesser outlying woodlands, but of nearly every orchard and grove, even coming regularly into the parks and shaded streets of town and village. During the colder half of the year, for this species stays with us summer and winter, he can be attracted close to the house by hanging a beef bone or a chunk of suet on a convenient tree, which he will visit every day, and sometimes a dozen times a day, in company with chickadees and nuthatches. We have no more beneficial bird in our orchards, for he consumes myriads of insects, larvæ, eggs and pupæ, and although like most woodpeckers he takes a large part of his food from decaying wood, yet he undoubtedly eats thousands of insects which would otherwise injure twig, leaf or fruit. Bicknell says of its voice: "In addition to its usual short, sharp note the Downy Woodpecker has a rattling cry which starts and ends with an abrupt precision suggestive of a mechanical contrivance set off with a spring. This is used in lieu of song."

(The Hairy Woodpecker is almost a duplicate of the Downy but decidedly larger, its weight, in fact, being at least double that of its smaller relative. The two birds are marked almost precisely alike, but in the Downy Woodpecker the outer pair of tail feathers is white, more or less barred with black, while in the Hairy these feathers are unspotted.)

—Prof. W. B. Barrows.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Born 1780; Died 1851

The fourth day of May is the anniversary birthday of John James Audubon, the world's greatest naturalist and bird lover. Although of French lineage, Audubon was born in Louisiana but was educated in France and at the age of eighteen years returned to America. He always had a passionate love for this country. In 1808, he had his residence in Louisville, Ky., and when he attended to his business, everything went well, but the feather choristers of the woods persistently called him and his passion for wild life drew him frequently near to nature's great throbbing heart.

Leaving Louisville he went to Hendersonville, where he became involved in debt. Failing in business, he surrendered everything to his creditors except his gun. He made diligent efforts to strangle his wandering tendencies and earn a support for his family but failed on account of his lack of business ability. In the meanwhile he had been making original drawings of birds. In 1821 he accepted a position as tutor with a family near New Orleans, and in 1826 the proceeds from a dancing class amounting to \$2,000, enabled him to sail to England with his beloved drawings.

Audubon had never looked into an English grammar and had forgot-

ten most of what he learned in French and Spanish. He always felt shy in the presence of strangers. He was a man habituated to ramble alone with his thoughts. His pictures were exhibited and he was made a member of one of the leading scientific societies of England and, best of all, his plans for publication had definite shape.

His book was published in 1832, consisting of four elephant folios containing 1,065 life-size portraits of birds in their natural surroundings, which was called "The Birds of America."

He returned to America and spent his remaining days in all climates, and in all weather, scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest cold; now diving into the densest forest, now wandering alone through the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, in doubt, with no companion to cheer his life—listening only to the sweet music of the birds or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he faithfully kept his path.

The record of mose lives contain few nobler examples of strength and endurance and indefatigable energy. —Selected.

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again;
 What does he care for the April rain?
 Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
 That the April rain carries off the snow,
 And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
 And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
 And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
 For his hungry little robins to eat?
 "Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
 "That isn't the best of the story, by half."

Gentleman Robin he walks up and down
 Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown,
 Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
 He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
 With a twist of his head, and a strut, and a hop,
 To his Robin-wife in the peach tree top,
 Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
 You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
 Ha! ha! ha! Life is lovely and sweet,
 But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
 Now you have come to us, summer's in sight;
 You never dream of the wonders you bring—
 Visions that follow the flash of your wing;
 How all the beautiful By-and-by
 Around you and after you seems to fly!
 Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
 Well have you earned every morsel you find.
 "Aye! ha! ha! ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
 Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

—Lucy Larcom.

BIRDS

Birds! Birds! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-soaring wings,
 Where shall Man wander and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
 Ye have nests on the mountain, all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forests, all tangled and dark;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
 And ye sleep in the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
 Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
 Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
 Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand;
 Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,
 When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
 Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—Eliza Cook.

Chirps the swallow, flying over,
 Hums the bee among the clover,
 Laughs the chipmunk, frisky rover,
 "Life is very good."

True the songs they sing, I ween,
 But, my boy, so sweet and clean,
 This is what they really mean;
 'Life is *being* good.'

How do birds first learn to sing?
 From the whistling wind so fleet,
 From the waving of the wheat,
 From the rustling of the leaves,
 From the raindrop on the eaves,
 From the children's laughter sweet,
 From the splash when brooklets meet.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

MEMORIAL DAY

MAY THIRTIETH

For exercises for Memorial Day, see the Memorial Day Bulletin for 1914.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together today.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes today!

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all,
Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail!
Hail, glorious years to come!

—Butterworth.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FLAG

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

The blue arch above us in Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom to-day is humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend,
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.
—Butterworth on "The Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag."

MEANING OF THE COLORS

First Pupil:

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods
Of our frost kissed northern hills;
Red, to show that patriot blood
Is beating now in a hurrying flood
In the hearts of American men.

Second Pupil:

White, from the fields of stainless drift
On our wide western plains;
White, to show that as pure as snow
We believe the Christ light yet shall glow
In the souls of American men.

Third Pupil:

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky
O'er our fatherland outspread;
Blue, to show that as wide as heaven
Shall justice to all mankind be given
At the hands of American men.

All:

Red, white, and blue, and the light of stars,
Through our holy colors shine;
Love, truth and justice, witness three,
That shall bloom in the land of liberty,
In the homes of American men.

DECORATION DAY

I.

The Eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell;
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
'Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and swell
To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring.
But Love far greater magic shows today;
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hands-breadth up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and, triumphant, each
Sweet wilting blossom sets, before it dies.
Full in the sight of smiling angels' eyes.

II.

But ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. O, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose its sign.
But nature knows her wilderness,
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways,
In her great heart is so forgetfulness,
Each grave she keeps, she will adorn, caress;
We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays
And all her days are Decoration Days.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A STIRRING SCENE AT MACON

The Fourth of July, 1864, will ever remain a memorable day to those who, at that time, were prisoners of war within the stockade at Macon, Georgia. The prisoners had crowded in and around the central structure to listen to some speeches in commemoration of the Nation's birthday. Captain Todd of the Eighth New Jersey Infantry, displayed a small United States flag which he had secreted on his person. The effect was indescribable. The air was rent with cheers, shouts, and cries. Tears in streams rolled down the cheeks of the great, rough, shaggy men as they hugged each other at the sight of the banner. Those at a distance away climbed upon the backs of others to catch a view of the flag. "Hold it up!" shouted a voice, "don't be afraid; hold it up so that we

can feast our souls upon it." The *Star Spangled Banner*, and *Rally 'Round the Flag* were sung. During the singing some of the older guards were seen leaning and trembling over their muskets, and crying like children. The enthusiasm and noise became so great that the long roll was sounded by the Confederates outside, the artillery was manned, the infantry stood at their guns, and the commandant ordered us to repair to our quarters and remain quiet.—Prisoners and Military Prisons.

UNION AND LIBERTY

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,
 Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
 Pride of her children, and honored afar,
 Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
 Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
 * * * * * * *

Lord of the universe! Shield us and guide us,
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, O keep us, the MANY IN ONE.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter today!
 For each some fond heart weeps;
 So, children dear, make the spot less drear
 Wherever a soldier sleeps.

—W. D. Howells.

Bring ye blossoms of the May
 For the brave beloved dead;
 Tender memories rise today
 O'er each fallen hero's bed.

Bring ye blossoms of the May
 Strew each humble soldier's grave;
 Liberty shall kneel today
 Honoring the true and brave.

—Selected.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY—1898

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, The Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory?"

—Daily Query to Press.

I.

Old Glory! say, who,
 By the ships and the crew,
 And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue,
 Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
 With such pride everywhere,
 As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
 And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
 Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
 And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
 Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
 With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
 By day or by night
 Their delightfulest light
 Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue;
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say who—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
 In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

II.

Old Glory—speak out! We are asking about
 How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
 That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
 As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that —
We,—Tom, Dick and Harry,—each swinging his hat
 And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
 When—*Lord!* we all know we're as common as sin!
 And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
 And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
 Into line, with you over us, waving us on
 Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
 And this is the reason we're wanting to know
 (And we're wanting it *so!*)
 Where our own fathers went we are willing to go,
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
 For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.*

III.

Old Glory! the story we're waiting to hear
 Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
 For your name—just to hear it,
 Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
 As salt as a tear;
 And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
 There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
 And an aching to live for you always—or die,
 If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
 And so, by our love
 For you, floating above,
 And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
 Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
 And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
 "By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
 Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
 By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
 As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
 Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
 My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1898.

I will treasure up the memory of the Nation's dead and on every suitable occasion, as long as life lasts, will present them anew to the youth of this country, as noble examples of heroism and patriotism.

—General William T. Sherman.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
 The thoughts of men should be
 As sentinels to keep
 Your rest from danger free.

—Longfellow.

Till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow; till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing; shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee.

—Longfellow.

OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there,—Old Glory,—where lightnings
 are sped
 She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
 And she'll wave for us living, or drop o'er us
 dead,—
 The flag of our country forever!

She's up there,—Old Glory,—how bright the
 stars stream!
 And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
 And we dare for her, living, or dream the last
 dream,
 'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there,—Old Glory,—no tyrant-dealt
 scars,
 No blur on her brightness, no stain on her
 stars!
 The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her
 bars.
 She's the flag of our country forever!

—Frank L. Stanton.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on.—*Cho.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.—*Cho.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.—*Cho.*

—Julia Ward Howe.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Circumstances under which it was written.

In the first year of the Civil War Mrs. Julia Ward Howe visited the city of Washington. During the journey a feeling of discouragement came over her as she thought of the women of her acquaintance whose sons or husbands were fighting for the preservation of the Union. Something seemed to say to her, "You would be glad to serve, but you cannot help anyone; you have nothing to give, there is nothing for you to do."

While at Washington Mrs. Howe was one day invited with her husband and others to attend a review of troops near the city. During the maneuvers, a sudden movement of the enemy broke up the review and a detachment of soldiers galloped to the assistance of a small body of Union troops who were in danger of being surrounded and cut off from retreat. On the return to the city by a road thronged with soldiers, Mrs. Howe and her party sang snatches of war songs then popular, including

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground;
 His soul is marching on."

The singing of this song seemed to please the soldiers greatly. Rev.

James Freeman Carke, a member of the party, said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for this stirring tune?" Mrs. Howe replied that she had often wished to do so, but as yet had found nothing in her mind leading toward it. That night she wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and in "Reminiscences," from which the foregoing has been adapted, she tells the story in the following words:

"I went to bed that night as usual and slept according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pencil which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I was obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this time having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things I have written.'"

The song was soon after published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It cheered on to victory the Union Armies and has been sung by countless thousands since the war.

At a recent commencement, Brown University conferred upon Mrs. Howe, who had passed her ninetieth birthday, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. When she was assisted to the platform to receive the degree, the whole audience rose while the orchestra played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the presentation she was addressed as "Author, Philanthropist, Mother, Friend of the Slave, a personal friend of all who suffer, Singer of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, allied with all educators through her faith."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S TRIBUTE TO MEMORIAL DAY

Time only enhances the lasting value and demonstrates anew the true significance of these inspiring observances. Whatever may be the character of its temporary problems, this liberty loving nation is not, and never can be, forgetful of the immortal heroes of the civil war.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledgment of the obligation each year, in the various forms and in a multitude of places throughout this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

Generations come and go and the issues for which they fought and died soon pass into history. But the living principles of undertakings worthily accomplished for an unselfish purpose, abide forever and guide us to a nobler destiny and still greater achievements as a nation.

The only debt that the nation can never repay is the one to her old soldiers.

MEMORIAL DAY

This festival is not merely a holiday, but rather a holy day. It is our All Saints' Day, sacred to the memory of the glorified dead who consecrated themselves to their country.

It is well that, in the hurry and press of our times, when the higher soul within us is choked and stifled by the more sordid cares of the hour, by the selfish struggle for place and pelf, we should pause for a period to dwell upon the memory of the illustrious dead who gave their lives for their country, and who typify that higher and truer Americanism which lies within us still, dormant and latent indeed, yet ready to spring again to the surface whenever the needs of the country issue a new call to arms. It is well that we should do them honor which honors ourselves in the doing.

The light that shines from a patriot's grave is a pure and holy light.
—Everett.

There is a shrine in the temple of ages where lies, forever embalmed, the memories of such as have deserved well of their country and their race.
—Brown.

Let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality.
—Mitchell.

So long as the glorious flag for which they died waves over our reunited country, will each recurring spring see fresh laurels on the graves of our country's dead.
—Anon.

"Dead on the field of honor!" This is the record of thousands of unnamed men, whose influence upon their generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacrifice will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives, and richer capacity to the nations life.
—Chapin.

By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves, or sleep beneath the sea, embalmed in the memory of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth.
—Andrews.

Today the nation looks back and thanks God that, in a great crisis, the children whom it had nurtured in peace and prosperity suddenly showed the stuff of heroes; they were not afraid to dare and to die when the bugle rang clear across the quiet field. Whenever and however duty called, they answered with their lives. Let the nation thank God that it still breeds the men who make life great by service and sacrifice; that time and work and pleasure and wealth have not sapped the sources of its inward strength; that it still knows how to dare all and do all in that hour when manhood alone counts and achieves.

—The Outlook.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, no winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

PEACE DAY

MAY EIGHTEENTH

"Peace Day. Let it shine one day in the year among all nations. The whole year is consecrated as it ought to be to the promotion of love of country to teaching our duties toward our native land, even to the extent of sacrificing ourselves for her. On his special day, however, it is in order not to forget our country, but to see her transfigured in the future, to see her lead in the movement which binds one nation to all others, making a sort of higher country, the federation of the United States of the Civilized World."

—M. Buisson, Paris.

THE NOBEL COMMITTEE

The Nobel Committee consists of five members of the Norwegian Parliament, and this committee determines each year who shall receive the forty-thousand-dollar prize left by the will of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, to be given to the man or woman who has done the most for peace during the year. The award is made each year on December 10, the date of the founder's death. The prize winners thus far are:

1901—Henri Dunant, Swiss, and Frederic Passy, French.

1902—E. Ducommun and A. Gobat, both Swiss.

1903—W. R. Cremer, English.

1904—The Institution of International Law, the first award to an institution.

1905—Baroness von Suttner, Austrian.

1906—President Theodore Roosevelt, American.

1907—Ernesto Teodoro Moneta, Italian, and Louis Renault, French.

1908—K. P. Arnoldson, Swede, and M. F. Bajer, Dane.

1909—Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, French, and Auguste Beernaert, Belgian.

1910—The International Peace Bureau, at Berne.

1911—Tobias Michael Carel Asser, Belgian, and Alfred Fried, Austrian.

1912—No award, but later to U. S. Senator Elihu Root of New York, American.

1913—Senator Henri LaFontaine, formerly president of Permanent International Peace Bureau at Berne, Switzerland, Belgium.

Unto the patriot's heart
The silent summons comes;
Not braver he who does his part
To the sound of beating drums.

Richard Watson Gilder.

I AM WAR

I was conceived in passion, hatred, envy and greed, born in the morning of antiquity, and have a genealogy whose every page drips with the red blood of murdered innocence. I respect neither the feebleness of gray hairs, the helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue, and walk iron-shod, ruthlessly and impartially over the form of the weakling or the form of the giant. I paint the midnight skies a lurid glow from the burning homes I have ravaged and turn peaceful scenes of rural beauty, where God's own creatures dwell together in amity, into a raging hell. I set neighbor against neighbor in deadly combat, and I incite the brother to slay his brother.

I make puppets of kings, princes of paupers, courtiers of courtesans, and thieves of respected subjects, and empires melt before my breath as does mist before the morning sunlight.

I make of religion fanaticism; the heathen I make a fiend incarnate; and of all men I make playthings devoid of reason and justice. Through intrigue I make the intelligent powerful, the unscrupulous wax fat on the spoils of blood-won victories gained by others, and the less learned suffer for their own ignorance.

Famine, want and misery follow in my path; I lay waste green fields and still the hand of industry. I pillage the land of its resources but contribute nothing of benefit to mankind, leaving pestilence to stalk ghost-like in my wake and complete the work of destruction. I lay a heavy tribute upon my most loyal subjects for the maintenance of my establishment; I squander the vitality and lives of those who serve me faithfully, yet return to the world nothing but ruin and ashes. The baubles of fame I confer on some are the empty shells of false standard wherein the license to commit murder and rapine is held to be the insignia of glory by mistaken civilization.

I can offer no excuse for my having come into existence, nor can I give one plausible reason why I should not cease to be, other than so long as men who wield influence are permitted to gratify their selfish desires and ambitions at the expense of the many who must carry the burdens and endure the suffering, that long will I continue to exact my toll of sorrow, devastation and death. For I am pitiless—devoid of all feeling; I fear neither man nor God; I am amenable to no law, and I am in myself the Law and the Last Resort.

I AM WAR!

—James Logan Mosby, from *Life*.

The American School Peace League was organized in 1908 with the avowed purpose "To promote through the schools and the educational public of America, the interest of international justice and fraternity."

The most dishonored word in the English language is honor. Fifty or sixty years ago honor would have required you to march as Hamilton did to meet Aaron Burr. Today the gentleman belonging to the race that speaks the English tongue would be degraded if he fought a duel. Honor has changed. So with nations. As long as the Republic herself acts honorably she remains stainless. Who abolished the duel? Our English-speaking race. Let us now take the next step forward and abolish international duels; let us have the nation's differences settled by the supreme court of humanity.

—Andrew Carnegie.

WHAT AMERICANS MOST CHERISH

President Wilson to the Sixty-third Congress.

It is said in some quarters that we are not prepared for war. What is meant by being prepared? Is it meant that we are not ready upon brief notice to put a nation in the field, a nation of men trained to arms? Of course we are not ready to do that; and we shall never be in time of peace so long as we retain our present political principles and institutions. And what is it that it is suggested we should be prepared to do? To defend ourselves against attack? We have always found means to do that and shall find them whenever it is necessary without calling our people away from their necessary tasks to render compulsory military service in times of peace.

Allow me to speak with great plainness and directness upon this great matter and to avow my convictions with deep earnestness. I have tried to know what America is, what her people think, what they are, what they most cherish and hold dear. I hope that some of their finer passions are in my own heart—some of the great conceptions and desires which gave birth to this government and which have made the voice of this people a voice of peace and hope and liberty among the peoples of the world, and that, speaking my own thoughts, I shall at least in part, speak theirs also, however faintly and inadequately, upon this vital matter.

We are at peace with all the world. No one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and candid interpretation of realities can say that there is reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. Dread of the power of any other nation we are incapable of. We are not jealous of rivalry in the fields of commerce or of any other peaceful achievement. We mean to live our own lives as we will; but we mean also to let live. We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world, because we threaten none, covet the possessions of none, desire the overthrow of none.

Our friendship can be accepted and is accepted without reservation, because it is offered in a spirit and for a purpose which no one need ever question or suspect. Therein lies our greatness. We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn. Just now we should be particularly jealous of it because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed any nation, the opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and a healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations. This is the time above all others when we should wish and resolve to keep our strength by self-possession, our influence by preserving our ancient principles of action.

There are two ways of ending a dispute—discussion and force; the latter manner is simply that of the brute beasts; the former is proper to beings gifted with reason.—Cicero.

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another.—Wellington.

I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell.—General Sherman.

If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper to explode, and incumbent upon every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is doubtless war.—Erasmus.

Polygamy and slavery have been abolished by civilized nations. Dueling no longer exists where English is spoken. The right of private war and of privateering has passed away. Many other beneficent abolitions have been made in various fields, but there still remains the foulest blot that has ever disgraced the earth, the killing of civilized men by men like wild beasts as a permissible mode of settling international disputes.—Andrew Carnegie.

COST OF A CANNON SHOT

According to Bloch, the writer on war, the cost of one shot by a big cannon, including the deterioration of the weapon, is \$1,700. This amount would send through college a boy who could get along on \$425 a year, as many do. It would pay for an ordinary workingman's house. Taking the average figures as given in the statistical reports, this sum is equal to a workingman's wages for three and two-thirds years. It is as much as the salary of the average school teacher in this country for five and one-third years.

Our governments, national, state and local, are continually importuned to do more for social betterment in one way and another, especially for education. Refusal is based on lack of funds. When it is remembered that one battleship represents an outlay sufficient for the establishment of a university, the possibilities from the reduction of expenditures for military purposes loom large. Think what could be done for education, for irrigation, for reforestation, in providing better housing conditions for the people, and in many other ways of like social significance with the expenditures made necessary by the fear of war.

—United Nations.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King."

ON WAR

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
 There you hev it plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment, fer that;
 God hez said so, plump an' fairly,
 It's ez long ez it is broad,
 An' you've got to git up airly,
 Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your epyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
 'Taint a follern' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight;
 Ef ye take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment ain't to answer fer it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

Tell ye jest the end I've come to,
 Arter cypherin' plaguy smart;
 An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
 Any gump could learn by heart;
 Laborin' man and laborin' woman
 Hey one glory, an' one shame;
 Ev'ry thin' that's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE PRESENT CRISIS (Selected)

When a deed is done for freedom,
 Through the broad earth's aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic
 Trembling on from East to West,
 And the slave, where'er he cowers,
 Feels the soul within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood
 As the energy sublime
 Of a century bursts full blossomed
 On the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit,
 And an instinct bears along
 Round the earth's electric circle
 The swift flash of right or wrong.
 Whether conscious or unconscious,
 Yet Humanity's vast frame
 Through its ocean-sundered fibres
 Feels the gush of joy or shame.
 In the gain or loss of one race,
 All the rest have equal claim.

—Lowell.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine,—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire.
 Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the law,—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boasts and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

HEROISM

We build monuments and sing praises to the heroism of battle, the wild charge, the forlorn hope, the still white face upturned to the pitiless stars. This is the heroism we never forget, for it stirs the heart like the call of the trumpet.

But there is another heroism of the quiet, unnoted life, lived out in honor and duty and self-respect. He is a true patriot who in the piping times of peace knows how to respect himself, his neighbor, and his God; who does each day an honest day's work, and lays him down each night to honest dreams; who adds his little mite to the nation's wealth of

brain or power or goods; who holds a steadfast trust in the things that are worth while; who proves his Americanism, not by his much shouting, but by the clear, square democracy of his daily life; who sees his present humble duty and, seeing, does it.

America needs men who are willing to die for her; even more she needs the unknown millions who know enough, care enough, and dare enough to live for her.

Charles S. Chapin.

Every decision by the Hague Tribunal is a step forward in civilization.
—The Outlook.

Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet.—Daniel Webster.

The more you reduce the burdens of the people in times of peace the greater will be your strength when the hour of peril comes.—Disraeli.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

March 13, 1915, is the eleventh anniversary of the placing of the colossal statue of Christ on the Andean border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, 14,000 feet above the sea. The story of the unique and impressive events which led to the erection of this remarkable peace monument is substantially as follows:

These two prosperous and high-spirited republics of South America had been on the verge of war. They were increasing their armament to the utmost of their ability. They had each two gigantic warships building in the shipyards of Europe. They were spending upon these preparations for war \$5.00 annually per capita of their population.

What brought them so near to conflict was the revival of an old dispute about the boundary between them on the Andes, a controversy involving the question of the title to about 80,000 square miles of territory. The dispute had been rendered more acute by the discovery that in the Patagonian section the boundary was not continuously marked by mountain crests, and that there were valuable rivers in the region sending their waters through the hills to the sea on the Chilean side. The discovery had caused Chile to put forward unexpected claims to certain parts of the region.

The British ministers residing at Buenos Ayres and Santiago used their good offices with the two governments to prevent the calamity and to secure a peaceful settlement of the dispute. This effort to prevent hostilities was powerfully supported by the bishops of Argentina and Chile. On Easter Sunday, 1900, during the festival of the Catholic church at Buenos Ayres, Bishop Benavente made a fervent appeal in behalf of peace, and proposed that some day a statue of Christ should be placed on the Andean border between the two countries, where it might be seen by all comers and goers, and prevent, if possible, any recurrence of animosity and strife between the two republics. The two bishops traveled through their countries addressing crowds of men in the towns

and villages. They were sustained by the local clergy and by the women who labored enthusiastically for the policy of peace. Petitions were sent to the legislatures, and through these the executives were reached.

The result was that a treaty was entered into by the two governments, submitting the controversy to the arbitration of the King of England. He entrusted the case to eminent jurists and expert geographers who examined it carefully, and in due time submitted their decision, awarding a part of the disputed territory to one of the republics and a part to the other. The decision was cheerfully accepted by both.

Much gratified with the outcome of the arbitration, and urged forward by a powerful popular movement, the two governments then went further, and in June, 1903, concluded a treaty by the terms of which they pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit all controversies arising between them to arbitration—the first general arbitration treaty ever concluded. In a further treaty they agreed to reduce their armies to the proportions of police forces, to stop the building of the great battleships then under construction and to diminish the naval armaments which they already possessed.

The provisions of these treaties were carried out as fast as practicable. The land forces were reduced, the heavy ordnance taken off the war vessels, and several of the vessels of the marine turned over to the commercial fleets. Work on the four great warships was immediately arrested and some of them have been sold.

The results of this disarmament have been most remarkable. With the money saved by the lessening of military and naval expenses, internal and coast improvements have been made. Good roads have been constructed. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school for manual training. She has built a much needed breakwater in the harbor of Valparaiso, and has commenced systematically the improvement of her commercial facilities along the coast. One or two of Argentina's previous war vessels have gone into her commercial fleet and are now plying back and forth across the Atlantic in honorable and lucrative business.

But more significant than any of these material results has been the change in the attitude of the Argentines and Chileans toward each other. All the old bitterness and distrust have passed away, and the most cordial good feeling and confidence have taken their place.

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of a statue of Christ on the boundary at Puente del Luca was quickly carried into execution. As early as 1901, the women of Buenos Ayres undertook the task of securing funds and having the statue created. The work was entrusted to the young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. When his design was completed and accepted, the statue was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city.

It was not till in February, 1904, that the final steps were taken for its erection. It was carried by rail in huge crates from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony.

The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the Argentine side. The statue was dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and good will. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

The base of the statue is in granite. On this a granite sphere weighing some fourteen tons on which the outlines of the world are sketched, rests upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, and the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

SCHOOL EXHIBITS

By Professor Myron A. Cobb, Department of Agriculture, Central State Normal School, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Last year in a rural schoolroom, I noticed rows of variously colored apples on the window sills, and found that the teacher and pupils had been gathering as many different varieties as possible and had collected eighteen kinds and could name most of them. It was a beautiful collection and I wish you might get the enthusiasm of that teacher as she spoke of the interest that had been aroused in making the collection, learning the names of the apples, and studying them. Considerable interest had been aroused in the community regarding several apples that were given different names by different individuals and they found some apples that no one in the community could name.

There is no better way of stimulating an interest in agriculture and relating the work of the school to home life than by having the pupils bring the best of the product raised at home and hold a School Fair or Exhibit.

Figure 1 shows a collection that any school can easily make.



RURAL SCHOOL EXHIBIT

The pupils should label their specimen neatly and correctly; if possible label the kind of radish, apple, potato or whatever it may be. We are too apt to just raise potatoes, radishes, apples, corn, etc. Each school should be supplied with a number of seed and fruit catalogues and a study made of the various varieties. Encourage the pupils to tell what they know or can find out about them. How many kinds are there being raised in the district? Learn the better sorts and why they are better. You will generally find someone in the community who knows varieties and is willing to discuss them in the school. Invite the parents to come and tell what was done to produce such good results. If the products were raised by the pupils, have them tell how it was done and finally make plans for another year for an exhibit of products raised by them.

Figure 2 is a typical illustration of a school's interest in the work of the pupils in gardening.



ELK RAPIDS SCHOOL EXHIBIT

This is an exhibit of products raised by the pupils. Sometimes it is carried on because of the enthusiasm of the teachers, or it may be because of the interest of some local organization. Prizes are often given to the better specimens; at least, blue, yellow and white ribbons should be awarded to the first, second and third of each kind. This will train the pupils to observe closely and develop their judgments. An idea that yields splendid results is to ask the pupils to bring the best ear of corn or the best ten ears and award ribbons to the winners.

Figure 3 is an interesting collection of material that the pupils will bring to the teacher if she will only manifest an interest in the common things about the school, and it also shows a systematic effort to study them.



NATURE STUDY EXHIBIT IN A MICHIGAN RURAL SCHOOL

Each school should have a collection of interesting material as insects, weeds, plant diseases, soils, leaves, etc. There is an abundance of material and it is unfortunate that the boys and girls are not taught the common plants and animals. We must create an interest in these; a love for the out-of-doors is the basis of an interest in farming. If the teacher will only manifest an interest in the common things, the pupils will furnish plenty of material for study.

As illustrative of the study of varieties, I shall enter into a somewhat detailed study of apples. A study of apple varieties is splendid for arousing an interest in agriculture. Nearly everyone has an interest in fruit with its wealth of color, flavor and infinite variation. You will always find in a community some who have made fruit a special study, yet there are many who do not appreciate the interest in fruit varieties, or the opportunities these afford for study and profit. There are many who do not know one apple from another and are likely to select a large, valueless, highly colored apple, as the Wolf River or Bietigheimer. Many are familiar with only a few kinds of apples and thus lose the pleasures of having a variety of splendid fruit nearly all the year. If a boy really knows six or eight best varieties of each of the common fruits that ripen



NOTE HOW NICELY ARRANGED AND LABELED

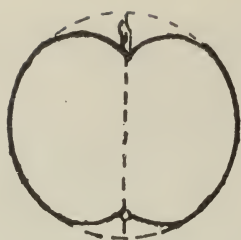
at different times of the year, he will want to plant them, and it will be a strong tie to the old farm.

In describing fruit, note the following points: form, color, size, flavor, quality, color of the flesh and time of maturity. We will consider these various points in detail.

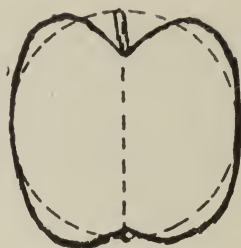
COLOR. This is a very important factor in recognizing apples. Due allowance must be made for variation due to season, position on the tree and amount of pruning. The color may be uniform, appear as a blush or striped. The color of the flesh may be white or yellow. A waxy substance covers the skin and tends to keep the apple from drying and prevents the entrance of germs, thus, keeping it from rotting. This wax becomes oily in some apples, as the Lowell, commonly called the Greasy Pippin.

FORM. The form may vary considerably as from oblate to oblong, yet it is fairly constant and is a large factor in fruit identification. The following shapes are recognized: round, oblong, and oblate; in addition, an apple may be angular or conical, or both.

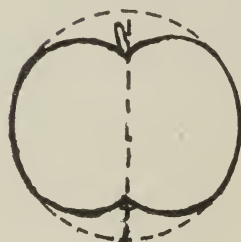
The following will illustrate the various shapes:



ROUND



OBLONG



OBLATE



OBLONG-CONICAL

SIZE. This may vary as to year, thinning, spraying, etc., but we commonly speak of some varieties as large, very large, medium, small or very small.

FLAVOR AND QUALITY. The flavor is designated as sour, sub acid or sweet, and the quality as good, fair or poor. Quality is necessarily a personal factor. One will speak of an apple as being fair, another will say it is poor.

USE AND SEASON. The former is given as dessert or kitchen (cooking) apple, and the latter is an important factor in recognizing varieties. the time is given when the apple is suitable for using.

CAVITY AND BASIN

A pupil should be familiar with the following parts of an apple—the cavity and basin. These are depressions at the stem and the opposite end respectively, and may be shallow, medium or deep. Some apples have prominent features, as the flat cavity of the Pewaukee or the large, deep basin of the Wealthy. These are important factors in describing a few varieties.

The pupils should write the description of our important varieties; this may be written in the usual manner, or made out in a tabular form. The more apples of a given variety one examines the better will be the concept. The examination of specimens is valuable as it trains the eye to observe, a thing that we are neglecting in our education. The pupils are passing through our schools without knowing the trees, the birds, the common weeds by the wayside, or the common fruits. Finally

see how many apples each can name. We should remember that children wish to know the names of things and can learn them more readily than adults. Teach them to name the common trees, weeds, birds, apples, etc., and their relation to man, and you will have accomplished much for agriculture.

One cannot hope to know all varieties of apples, but he should be familiar with the common everyday ones, just as he should know the common trees, birds, weeds, etc.; realizing that in these there is an opportunity for study and education and through these there is culture. L. H. Bailey says: "Personal culture depends in part upon one's appreciation of the fundamental features of one's everyday life." We can talk scientific agriculture and demonstrate how to make more money on the farm, but this alone will not interest the boys and girls in the farm; there must be developed an interest in and love for the out-of-doors.



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